

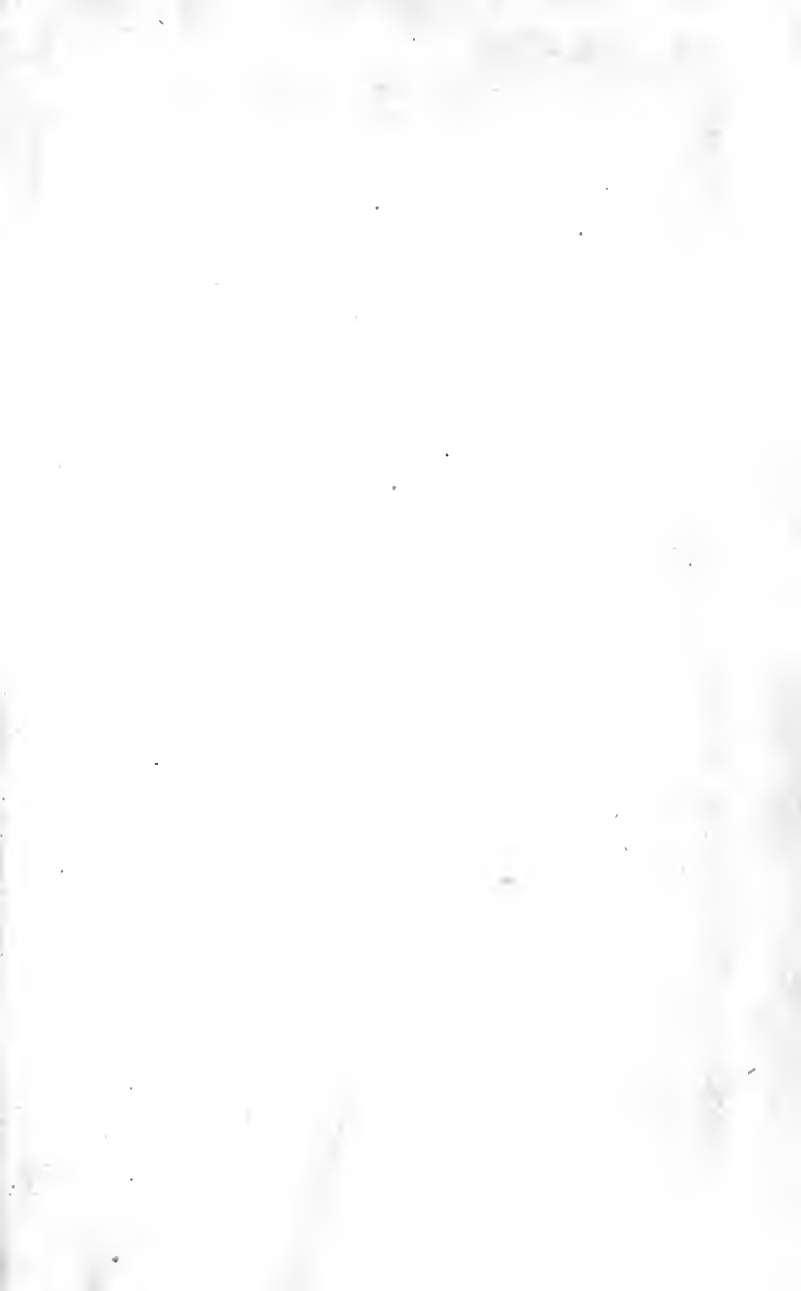
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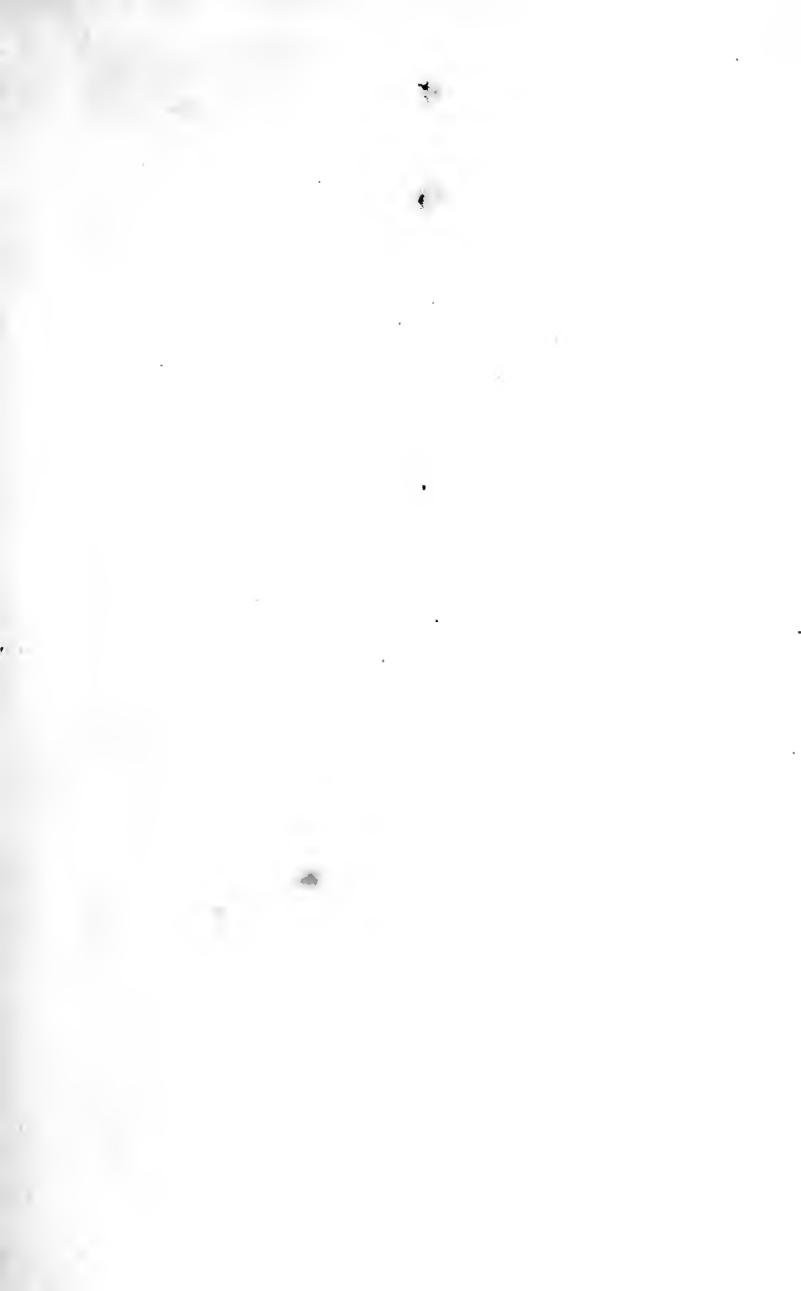


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THE

ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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THE
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

PART THE FOURTH.

EXTRACTS.

“ THE
CANTERBURY TALES

OF

[GEOFFREY] CHAUCER.”*

THE PROLOGUE.

W H A N N É that April with his shourés sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,

* Born 1328 ; dyed 1400. *The peculiarity of this author's metre seems to justify the accents introduced in this*

VOL. III.

A

And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
 Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour ;
 Whan Zephirus eke with his soté brethe 5
 Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
 The tendre croppés, and the yongé sonne
 Hath in the Ram his halfé cours yronne,
 And smalé foulés maken melodie,
 That slepen allé night with open eye, 10
 So priketh hem nature in hir corages ;
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
 And palmeres for to seken strangé strondes,
 To servé halwes couthe in sondry londes ;
 And specially, from every shirés ende 15
 Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
 The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay, 20
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Canterbury with devoute corage,
 At night was come into that hostelrye
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle 25
 In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.

*extract, though against the opinion of Mr. Tyrwhitt. Urry
 has adopted a similar plan; which it were to be wished
 was the only liberty he had taken.*

The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atté beste.

And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste, 30
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And madé forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space, 35
Or that I forther in this talé pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you all the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it seemed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre; 40
And eke in what araie that they were inne :
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the timé that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie. 45
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordés werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthineffe. 50

At Alifandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven allé nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,

No cristen man so ofte of his degre. 55

In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be

Of Algefir, and ridden in Belmarie.

At Leyés was he, and at Satalie,

Whan they were wonne; and in the greté see

At many a noble armee hadde he be. 60

At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,

And foughten for our faith at Tramissene

In listés thriés, and ay slain his fo.

This ilké worthy knight hadde ben also

Somtimé with the lord of Palatie, 65

Agen another hethen in Turkie:

And evermore he hadde a soveraine pris.

And though that he was worthy he was wise,

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.

He never yet no vilanie ne sayde 70

In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.

He was a veray parfit gentil knight,

But for to tellen you of his araie,

His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.

Of sustian he wered a gipon, 75

Allé besmotred with his habergeon,

For he was late ycome fro his viage,

And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yonge squièr,

A lover, and a lusty bacheler, 80

With lockés crull as they were laide in presse.

Of twenty yere of age he was I gessé.

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderfully deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie, 85
In Flaundes, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshé flourés, white and rede. 90
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,
He was as freshe as is the moneth of may.
Short was his goune, with slevés long and wide.
Wel coude he sit on hors, and fayré ride.
He coudé songés make, and wel endite, 95
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write,
So hote he loved, that by nightergale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.

Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table. 130

A yeman hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ridé so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily. 105
Wel coud he dresse his takel yemanly :
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
 Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage. 110
 Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
 And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that other side a gaie daggere,
 Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene. 115
 An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
 A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

Ther was also a nonne, a prioresse,
 That of hire smiling, was ful simple and coy;
 Hire gretest othe n'as but by seint 'Loy'; 120
 And she was cleped madame Eglentine,
 Ful wel she fangé the service devine,
 Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atté Bowe, 125
 For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
 At meté was she wel ytaughte withalle;
 She lette no morfel from hire lippés falle,
 Ne wette hire fingres in hire faucé depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morfel, and wel kepe, 130
 Thatté no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
 In curtesie was fette ful moche hire left.

V. 120. Mr. Tyrwibitt upon "no authority but that of Ed. Urr." (Urrys edition) has given this saint's name at length (Saint Eloy). In all the MSS. he had seen it was abbreviated, St. Loy, as he should doubtless have printed it.

Hire over lippé wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppé was no ferthing sene
Of gresé, whan she dronken hadde hire draught. 135
Ful semély after hire mete she raught.
And fikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere, 140
And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She woldé wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe ; if it were ded or bledde. 145
Of smalé houndés hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But fore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerdé smert :
And all was conscience and tendre herte. 150

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was ;
Hire nose tretis ; hire eyen grey as glas ;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red ;
But fikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanné brode I trowe ; 155
For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale coral aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedés, gauded all with grene ;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene, 160

On whiche was first ywritten a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
 Another nonne also with hire hadde she,
 That was hire chapelleine, and preestes thre:

A monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
 An out-rider, that loved venerie ;
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able. 165
 Ful many a deinté hors hadde he in stable :
 And whan he rode, men mighte his bridle here
 Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
 And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle. 170

The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
 Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
 This ilké monk lette oldé thingés pace,
 And held after the newé world the trace.
 He yave not of the text a pulled hen, 175
 That faith, that hunters be not holy men ;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkéles,
 Is like to a fish that is waterles ;
 That is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
 This ilké text held he not worth an oistre. 180

V. 177. rekkelcs] *As the known senses of rekkelcs (viz. careless, negligent) by no means suit with this passage, Mr. Tyrwhitt inclined to suspect that Chaucer possibly wrote reghelcs, i. e. without rule.*

And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselfen wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondés, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served? 185
Let Aulin have his swink to him reserved.
Therefore he was a pricklefoure a right :
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight :
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare 190
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

I saw his flevés purfled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne: 195
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point. 200
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a fornéis of led,
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost. 205
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A limitour, a ful solempné man.

In all the ordres foure is non that can 210
 So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
 He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
 Of yongé wimmen, at his owen cost.
 Until his ordre he was a noble post.
 Ful wel beloved, and familier was he 215
 With frankleins over all in his contree,
 And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun :
 For he had power of confession,
 As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licenciat. 220
 Ful swetely herde he confession,
 And plesant was his absolution.
 He was an esy man to give penance,
 Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance :
 For unto a poure ordre for to give 225
 Isigné that a man is well ythrive.
 For if he gave, he dorsté make avant,
 He wisté that a man was repentant.
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may not wepe although him foré smerte. 230
 Therfore in stede of weping and praieres,
 Men mote give silver to the pouré freres.
 His tippet was ay farfed full of knives,
 And pinnés, for to given fayré wives.
 And certainly he hadde a mery note. 235
 Wel coude he finge and plaigh on a rote.

Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was whité as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champion,
And knew wel the taverines in every toun, 240
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere.
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To haven with fike lazars acquaintance. 245
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curtis he was, and lowly of servise. 250
Ther n'as no man no wher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in all his hous :
And gave a certaine fermé for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe haddé but a shoo, 255
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His purchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovédages, ther coude he mochel help. 260
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his femicope,

In all the ordres foure is non that can 210
 So the of daliane and fayre langage.
 To make so many a mariage
 And in his harping, so owen cost.
 His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
 As don the sterres in a frosty night. 270
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A marchant was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee, and highe on hors he fat,
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
 His bootés claped fayre and fetisly. 275
 His resons spake he ful solempnely,
 Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
 He wold the fee were kept for any thing
 Betwixen Middelburgh and Oréwell.
 Wel coud he in eschanges sheldés selle, 280
 This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
 Ther wisté no wight that he was in dette,
 So stedefastly didde he his governance,
 With his bargeines, and with his chevissance.
 Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle, 285
 But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
 That unto logike haddé long ygo.
 As lené was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not ryght fat, I undertake; 290

Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
 His nekke was whité as the flour de lis.
 Therto he strong was as a champion^{benefice},
 And knew wel the tavy^{to} to have an office.
 And ~~was~~ was lever han at his beddes hed 295
 Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
 Than robés riche, or fidel, or sautric.
 But all be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet haddé he but litel gold in cofre, 300
 But all that he might of his frendés hente,
 On bokés and on lerning he it spente,
 And besily gan for the foulés praie
 Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
 Of studie toke he mosté cure and hede.
 Not a word spake he moré than was nede; 305
 And that was said in forme and reverence,
 And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
 Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche. 310

A sergeant of the lawé ware and wise,
 That often hadde yben at the paruis,
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence :
 He semed swiche, his wordés were so wise. 315
 Justice he was ful often in assise,

By patent, and by pleine commissoun;
 For his science, and for his high renoun,
 Of fees and robés had he many on.
 So grete a pourchasour was no wher non. 320
 All was fee simple to him in effect,
 His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.
 No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
 And yet he semed besier than he was.
 In termés hadde he cas and domés all 325
 That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
 Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
 Ther coudé no wight pinche at his writing.
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
 He rode but homely in a medlee cote, 330
 Girt with a feint of filk, with barrés smale;
 Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A frankéleyn was in this compaignie:
 White was his berd, as is the dayéié.
 Of his complexiön he was sanguin. 335
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
 To liven in delit was ever his wone,
 For he was Epicurés owen sone,
 That held opinion, that plein delit
 Was veraily felicité parfite. 340
 An housholder, and that a grete was he;
 Seint Julian he was in his contree.
 His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
 A better envyned man was no wher non.

Withouten bake mete never was his hous, 345
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of allé deintees that men coud of thinke.

After the sondry sasons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his sôupère. 350
Full many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his saucé were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway 355
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk. 360
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour,
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

An haberdasher, and a carpenter,
A webbe, a deyer, and a tapiser,
Were all yclothed in o livere, 265
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Her knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del. 370

Wel femed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
 To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.
 Everich for the wifdom that he can,
 Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
 For catel hadden they ynough and rent, 375
 And eke hir wivés wolde it wel assent :
 And ellés certainly they were to blame.
 It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madame,
 And for to gon to vigiles all before,
 And have a mantil reallich ybore. 380

A coke they hadden with hem for the nones,
 To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
 And poudre marchant, and tart, and galingale.
 Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
 He coudé roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie, 385
 Maken mortrewés, and wel bake a pie.
 But gret harm was it, as it thoughté me,
 That on his shinne a mormal haddé he.
 For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A shipman was ther, woned fer by west : 390
 For ought I wote, he was of Dertémouth.
 He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
 All in a gowne of falding to the knee.
 A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee

*V. 393. Mr. Tyrwhitt (perhaps unnecessarily) added
 all for the sake of the metre. Some of the MSS. read,
 In a gowne of falding unto the knee.*

About his nekke under his arm adoun. 395
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he haddé draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapmen slepe.
Of nicé conscience toke he no kepe. 400
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremés and his strandés him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage, 405
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake :
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
From Gotland, to the cape de Finistere, 410
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine :
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a doctour of phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie : 415
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In hourés by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his imàges for his patient. 420

He knew the cause of every maladie,
 Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
 And wher engendred, and of what humour,
 He was a veray parfite practifour.
 The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
 Anon he gave to the like man his bote.
 Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
 To send him draggés, and his lettuaries,
 For eche of hem made other for to winne :
 Hir frendship n'as not newé to beginne. 430
 Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
 And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus ;
 Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien ;
 Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen ;
 Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin ; 435
 Bernard and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
 Of his diete mesurable was he,
 For it was of no superfluitee,
 But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
 His studie was but litel on the bible. 440
 In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
 Lined with taffata, and with fendalle.
 And yet he was but esy of dispence :
 He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
 For gold in phisike is a cordial ; 445
 Therfore he loved gold in special.

A good wif was ther of besidé Bathe,
 But she was som del dese, and that was scathe.

Of cloth making she haddé swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt. 450
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of allé charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground ; 455
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound ;
That on the Sondag were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew. 460
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compaignie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme. 465
She haddé passed many a strangé streme.
At Rome she haddé ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coudé moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say. 470
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hedé an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote mantel about hire hippés large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe. 475
In fellowship wel coude she laughe and carpe

Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the oldé dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a pouré persone of a toun : 480
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a learned man, a clerk,
That Cristés gospel trewely woldé preeche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent, 485
And in adversite ful patient :
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his pouré parishens aboute, 490
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite. 495
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordés caught, 500
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold rusté, what shuld iren do ?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewéd man to rust :

And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe, 505
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe :
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He setté not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire, 510
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for foules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold :
But dwelt at home, and kepté wel his fold;
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie. 515
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne. 520
To drawen folk to heven, with fairnesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse :
But it were any persone obstinat.
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nonés. 525
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristés lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he solwed it himselve. 530

With him ther was a plowman, was his brother,
 That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
 A trewé swinker, and a good was he,
 Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
 God loved he besté with alle his herte 535
 At allé timés, were it gain or smerte,
 And than his neighébour right as himselve.
 He woldé thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
 For Christés fake, for every pouré wight,
 Withouten hire, if it lay in his might. 540

His tithés paied he ful fayre and wel,
 Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
 In a tabard he rode upon a mere.

Ther was also a reve, and a millere,
 A sompnour, and a pardoner also, 345
 A manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no more,

The miller was a stout carl for the nones,
 Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
 That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
 At wraffling he wold bere away the ram. 550
 He was short shuldered brode, a thikké gnarre,
 Ther na's no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
 Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
 His berd as any fowe or fox was rede,
 And therto brode, as though it were a spade. 555
 Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
 A wert, and theron stode a tuft of heres,
 Rede as the bristles of a fowés eres.

His nosé-thirlés blacké were and wide.
A sword and bokeler bare he by his side. 560
His mouth as widé was as a forneis.
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries,
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde. 565
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggégepipe wel coude he blowe and souné,
And therewithall he brought us out of touné.

A gentil manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensemple 570
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of god a ful fayre grace, 275
That swiche a lewéd mannés wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?

Of maisters had he mo than thriés ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious :
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous, 580
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
'To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,

Or live as scarcely, as him list desire ; 585
 And able for to helpen all a shire
 In any cas that mighte fallen or happe ;
 And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The revé was a slendre colerike man,
 His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can. 590
 His here was by his erés round yshorne.
 His top was docked like a preest beforne.
 Ful longé were his leggés, and ful lene,
 Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
 Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne :
 Ther was non auditour coude on him winne. 595
 Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
 The yelding of his feed, and of his grain.
 His lordés shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
 His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie, 600
 Were holly in this revés governing,
 And by his covenant yave he rekening,
 Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age ;
 Ther coude no man bring him in arrerage.
 Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine, 605
 That he ne knew his sleight and his covine :
 They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
 His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
 With grené trees yshadewed was his place.
 He coude better than his lord pourchace. 610
 Ful riche he was ystored privily.
 His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,

To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned had a good mistere. 615
He was, a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This revé fate upon a right good flot,
That was all pomelee grey, and highté Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade. 620
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldefiwel.
Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
And ever he rode the hindereft of the route.

A sompneur was ther with us in that place,
That had a fire-red cherubinnés face,
For sauféfleme he was, with eyen narwe,
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browès blake, and pilled berd :
Of his visage children were sore aferd. 630
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non.
Ne oinément that woldé clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelké's white,
Ne of the knobbés sitting on his chekes. 635
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin. 643

A fewé termés coude he, two or three,
 That he had lerned out of som decree ;
 No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
 And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
 Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope. 645
 But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
 Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
 Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.

He was a gentil harlot and a kind ;
 A better felaw shulde a man not find. 650
 He woldé suffre, for a quart of wine,
 A good felaw to have his concubine
 A twelve month and excuse him at the full.
 Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
 And if he found o where a good felawe, 655
 He woldé techen him to have non awe
 In swiche a cas of the archdekenes curse ;
 But if a mannés soule were in his purse ;
 For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
 Purse is the archédekenes helle, said he. 660
 But wel I wote, he lied right in dede :
 Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
 For curse wol fle right as assoiling saveth,
 And also ware him of a *significavit*.

In danger hadde he at his owen gise 665
 The yongé girlés of the diocise,
 And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
 A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,

As grete as it were for an aléstake :

A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake. 670

With him ther rode a gentil pardonere
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his comperc,
'That streit was comen from the court of Romé ;
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, lové, tò me.
'This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun, 675

Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax :
By unces heng his lökkés that he hadde ;
And therwith he his shulders overspradde. 680

Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newé get,
Dishevelé, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare. 685

Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote. 690

No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newé shave ;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere. 695
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,

Which, as he saide, was our ladies veil :
 He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
 Which that seint Peter had, whan that he went
 Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent. 700
 He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
 And in a glas he haddé piggés bones.
 But with these relikes, whanné that he fond
 A pouré persone dwelling up on lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more moneie, 705
 Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
 And thus with fained flattering and japes,
 He made the persone, and the peple, apes.
 But trewély to tellen atté last,
 He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast. 710
 Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
 But alderbest he sang an offertorie :
 For wel hé wisté, whan that song was songe,
 He musté preche, and wel afile his tonge,
 To winné silver, as he right wel coude :
 Therefore he sang the merier and loude. 715

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
 Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
 Why that assembled was this compaignie
 In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie, 720
 That highte the Tabard, fasté by the Belle.
 But now is timé to you for to telle,

V. 708. his apes.

How that we baren us that ilké night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.

But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordés and hir chere; 730
Ne though I speke hir wordés proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He mooste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge, 735
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or ellés he mooste tellen his tale untrewé,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordés newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He mooste as wel fayn o word, as an other. 740
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordés mooste ben cofin to the dede.
Also I pray you to forgive it me, 745
All have I not sette folk in hir degree.
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret cheré made oure hoste us everich on,
 And to the souper sette he us anon : 750
 And served us with vitaille of the beste.
 Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.
 A semely man our hosté was with alle,
 For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
 A largé man he was with eyen stepe, 755
 A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe :
 Bold of his speche, and wife and wel ytaught,
 And of manhood ylacked him right naught.
 Eke therto was he right a mery man,
 And after souper plaien he began, 760
 And spake of mirth amongés other thinges,
 Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges ;
 And saidé thus ; Now, lordinges, trewély
 Ye ben to me welcome right hertily :
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie, 765
 I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie
 At onés in this herberwe, as is now.
 Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
 And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
 To don you ese, and it shal coíste you nought. 770

*V. 761. amonges] Mr. Tyrwhitt says, he has ventured
 to lengthen the common reading, among, by a syllable, as the
 metre requires it; but the alteration was unnecessary.*

And spake of mirthé among other thinges.
Some of the MSS. may probably read amongé.

Ye gon to Canterbury ; god you spede,
The blisful martyr quité you your mede ;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play :
For trewély comfort ne mirthe is non, 775

To riden by the way dombe as the ston :
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Nor for to stonden at my jugément : 780

And for to werchen as I shall you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soulé that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten moré speche. 785

Our conseil was not longé for to seche :
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdict, as him leste.

Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste ;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain ;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen talés tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so, 795

And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of adventures that whilom han befallé.
And which of you that hereth him best of alle,

That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
 Talés of best sentènce and most solas, 800
 Shal have a souper at youre aller cost
 Here in this placé fitting by this post,
 Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
 And for to maken you the moré mery,
 I wol my felven gladly with you ride, 805
 Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
 And who that wol my jugément withsay,
 Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
 And if ye vouchésauf that it be so,
 Telle me anon withouten wordés mo, 810
 And I wol erly shapen me therfore.

This thing was granted, and our othés swore
 With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
 That he wold vouchésauf for to don so,
 And that he woldé ben our governour, 815
 And of our talés juge and reportour,
 And sette a souper at a certain pris ;
 And we wol reuled ben at his devise,
 In highe and lowe : and thus by on assent,
 We ben accorded to his jugément. 820
 And therupon the win was sette anon.
 We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
 Withouten any lenger tarying.

A morwe whan the day began to spring,
 Up rose our hofte, and was our aller cok, 825
 And gaderd us togeder in a flok,

And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas :
And ther our hofte began his hors areft,
And saidé, Lordés, herkeneth if you lest. 830
Ye wete your forword, and I it record.
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal tellé the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugément, 835
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

Sire knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord. 840
Cometh nere, (quod he) my lady prioressé,
And ye, fire clerk, let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought, lay hand to, every man.

Anon to drawn every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was, 845
Were it by aventure, or fort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight ;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
By forword, and by composition, 850
As ye han herd ; what nedeth wordés mo ?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his fre assent,

He saide, Sithen I shal begin this game, 855

What, welcome be the cutte a goddés name.

Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say.

And with that word we riden forth our way ;

And he began with right a mery chere

His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here. 860



“ THE
VISION OF PIERCE PLOWMAN.”

BY ROBERT LANGELANDE. *

THE kyng and his knights to the kyrke wente,
To here mattens of the day, and the masse after ;
Than waked I of my winking, and wo was withal,
That I ne had slept sadder, and sighen more ;

* Born 13..; dyed 1.... To this person, who is said to have been “ a Shropshire man, borne in Cleybirie, aboute viiii. myles from Malverne hilles,” the above poem is generally ascribed ; though, it must be confessed, upon no very satisfactory authority. Certain it is, that in what Mr. Tyrwhitt esteems the best MSS. (which differ considerably from the PCC) the supposed author is expressly saluted by the appellation of WILLE, and the work itself intitled “ Visio WILLELMI de Petro Ploughman.” Now, unless the word WILLE be only a personification of the mental faculty, and have consequently been misapprehended by the writer of this title, it must follow that the authors name was WILLIAM, and that his surname is totally unknown. The work itself, which will appear to have been composed in, or soon after, the year 1362, is a kind of religious allegorical satire ; in which Piers the ploughman, the principal personage, appears to be put for the pattern of Christian perfection, and seems once or twice to stand for J. C himself. The

And er I had faren a furlonge fentise me hente 5
 That I ne might farder a fote, for defaute of fleepinge
 And fat softlie adoune and fayde my beleve,
 And so I bablid on mi beads, thei brought me aslepe,
 And than I sawe moch more than I before of tolde,
 For I se the felde ful of folke, that I before of fayde
 And how Reason can araien hym, al ye realme to
 preche,
 And with a cros afore ye king, comsed thus to techen.
 He provid that these pestilences were for pure synne,
 And the southwestorne wind on Satterdaie at even

language and mode of versification adopted by these writers, of which several other specimens are to be found in MS. is originally Gothic, and is conjectured to have been the favourite poetic style of the common people, who were almost universally of Saxon origin, down to a late period. The author became popular about the time of the reformation, from his having lashed the vices of the clergy with a just severity, and foretold (as was thought) the destruction of the monasteries by Henry VIII. It is, however, at any rate, a very masterly production. The extract begins immediately after "Pallus quintus de visione," that is, with book or section vi.

V. 14. "This," Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, "is probably the storm recorded by Thorn, ... Walsingham, ... and most particularly by the continuator of Adam Murimuth, p. 115.

A. D. M. CCC. LXII.—XV. die Januarii, circa horum vespertarum, ventus vehemens notus Australis Africus tantâ rabie erupit, &c.

The 15th of January, in the year 1362, N. S." he adds, "was a Saturday."

Was partly for pure pryde, and for no poynt els. 15
 Piries and plumtryes were puffed to the erth,
 In ensample, 'ye' feggess, ye should done the better;
 Beches and brode okes were blowen to the grounde,
 Turned upwarde her tayles in tokeninge of drede,
 That dedlie synneer domes daye shal fordone hem al.
 Of thys mater I might mamelie ful longe,
 And I shall saye as I sawe, so me god helpe ;
 How partely afore the people Reason began to prech.
 He bad Walter go worke, what he best coude,
 And wyne hys wastyng wyth som manner craft. 25
 He prayed Pernel her purple to lete,
 And kepe it in her cofer for cattel at her nede.
 Tomme Stowne he taught to take two staves,
 And feche Felice home from the wynen pyne.
 And he warned Wat his wife was to blame, 30
 That her hed was worth half a marke, and his hod
 not-worth a grot.
 And he bad Bet kut a bow in twain,
 And beate Beton therwith but if she wyll werke.
 And than he charged chapmen to chasten her
 chyldren,
 Let no winning hem forwany, whyle they be yonge,
 Ne for no ponsse of peitilence please hem not oute
 of reason.
 My fier said to me, and so did my dame,
 That the lever child, the more lore behoveth ;

And Salomon said the same that Sapientie made :

Qui parcit virge, odit filium. 40

The Englyshe of thys latine, who so wyl knowe,
 Who so spareth the sprynge, spilleth the chyldren.
 And sythen he prayed prelates and priestes together,
 That ye preache to the people preve on your selfe,
 And do it in dede, it shal drawe you to good, 45
 If ye lyve as ye learne us, we shal leve you the better.
 And sithen he radde Religion her rule to holde,
 Lest the king and hys councel, your commons apere,
 And be stuardes of your stedes, tyl ye be ruled better.
 And sithen he counseled the kinge hys commons to
 love, 50

It is thy trefure if trefon ne were, and treacle at thy
 nede.

And sithen he praied the pope, have pyty on holy
 church,

And ere he geve any grace, governe fyrst himselfe.
 And ye that have lawes to kepe, let trueth be your
 covetise,

More then gold or gifts, if ye wil god please. 55
 For who so contrarieth trueth, he telleth in the gospel,
 That god knoweth him not, ne no saynte in heaven :

Amen, dico vobis, nescio vos.

And ye that seketh saint James, and saintes at Rome,
 Seke saynt Truth, for he may save you all. 60

Qui cum patre et filio, that fayre hem befall

That sueth my sermon : and thus sayd Reason.

Than ranne Repentaunce, and reherfed his teme,
And gart Wyl to wepe water with hys eyen.
Pernell proude herte platte hyr to the earth, 65
And laye longe or she loked, and Lorde, mercy!
cried;

And behygh to hym that us all made,
She shoulde unfowe hir ferke, and set tberon heere.
Shall never hygh hert me hente but hold me lowe,
And suffer me to be myffayde, and so dyd I never, 70
But now wil I meke me, and mercy beseche,
For all thys I have hated in my hert.

Than Lechoure sayd, alas! and on oure lady he
cried,

Wyth that he shoulde the Saturday, for seven yere
after,

Drynke but myd the day, and dyne but once. 75

Envy, with hevy hert, asked after Christe,
And carfully *Mea culpa* he comfed to shewe,
And was as pale as a pellet, in the palsey he semed,
And clothed in caurymaury, I can it not discrive,
In kyrtyll and curtepy, and a knyfe by hys syde, 80
Of a fryers frocke were the foreleaves;

And as a leeke that had lyed longe in the sunne,
So loked he wyth leane chekes louryng foule.
His body was bowne for wrath, that he bote his lips,
And wringing with the fist to wreck himself he thought,
With workes or with wordes, whan hese his time.
Ech word that he warped was of an edders tonge,
Of chiding and of chalenging was his chiefe lyfelode,

With backe byting and bisme, and bearing of false
witness ;

This was al his curtesy wher that ever he shewed him.
I wuld be thryven, quod this shrew, if I for thame
durft.

I wuld be gladder, by god, that Gibbe had mis-
chaunce,

Than if I had wonne this weke a wey of Effexe chese.
I have a neighbour nye me, I have noyed him ofte,
And lowen on him to lords, to don him lose his silver,
And made his frend be his foe, through my false tong ;
His grace and his good happes greveth me ful fore.
Betwene many and many I make debate oft,

That both lyfe and lyme is losse throughe my spech.
And when I mete him in market that I most hate, 100
I halfe hym hendlech, as I hys frende were ;
For he is doughtier then I, I dare do no other :
And had I maistry and myght, god wot my wyl.
And whan I come to the kyrke, and should knele to
the rode,

And pray for the people, as the prieste teacheth, 105
For pilgrames and for palmers, and for al the peo-
ple after,

Than I cry on my knees, that Christe gyve him
sorow

That bare away my bole, and my broke shete.

Away from the aulter than turne I myne eyen,

And beholde how Elen hath a newe cote, 110

I wyſhe that it were myne, with all the webbe after.
 And at mens leſinge I laughe, that lyketh mine hert,
 And for their wyunninge I wepe, and wele the tyme,
 And deme that they do yll, thoughe I do well worſe:
 Who ſo undermineth me hereof, I hate him deadlye
 after.

I would that ech a wight were my knave : 115
 For who ſo hath more then I, that angreth me fore.
 And thus I lyve, loveles, lyke a luther dogge,
 That al my body bolneth for bytter of my gall.
 I myght not eten many yeres as a man ought,
 For envy and evyll wyll is evil to deſie. 120
 May no ſuger nor no ſwete thing aſwag my ſwelling,
 Ne no diapienidion drive it from myne herte,
 Nether thrift, nether ſhame, but ſhraping of mi maw.
 Yes, redily quod Repentaunce, and red him to
 the beſte,

Sorowe for ſynnes ſalvation is of ſoules. 125
 I am forye, quod that ſegge, I am but ſelde other,
 And that maketh me thus megre, for I ne mai me
 veng.

Amonges burgeſis have I be dwelling at London,
 And gard Backbiting be a broker to blame mens
 ware.

Whan he folde, and I not, then was I redy 130
 To lie and to lour on mi neighbour, and to lak his
 chaſſer.

I wil amend this if I maie, through might of god
 almighty.

Now awaketh Wrath, with two white eyen,
 And muelynge wyth thenose and his necke hanging.
 I am Wrath, quod he, I was continually a fryer,
 And the coventes gardiner for to graft impes.
 On limitors and listers lesynges I imped,
 Tyll they beare leaves of smal speach, lords to please,
 And sithen they blofomed abrod in bour to hir shrifts,
 And now is fallen therof a frut, that folke han wel
 lever

140

Shew her shrifts to hem, than shryve hem to her
 persons ;

And persons have perceived that friers part with hem,
 These possessours preach, and deprave fryers ;
 And friers findeth hem in default, as folk bear witnes ;
 And whan thei prech the people in many places
 about,

145

I Wrath walke with hem, and wish hem of my
 bokes.

Thus thei speken of mi spiritualtie, and despise ech
 other,

Tyl they be both beggers, and by my spiritualtie
 libben,

Or els al ryche, and ryden aboute.

I Wrath have such a fortune, that I folow stil this
 folk :

150

I have an aunte to nune, and an abbess both ;
 Her had lever swowne or swelt than suffer any paine.
 I have bene coke in hir kitchen, and her covent
 served,

Many monthes with hem, and wyth monkes both.
 I was the priores potager, and other pore ladies, 155
 And made hem jowts of janglyng, that dame Jone
 was a bastard,

And dame Clarence, a knightes daughter, a cokolde
 was hyr fyre,

And dame Puel a priest file, priores was she never,
 For she had child in chery tyme, al our chapter it
 wist.

Of wyked wordes I Wrath her wortis made, 160
 Tyl thou list, and thou liest, lopon oute at once,
 And eyther hyt other under the cheke ;
 Had thei had knives, bi Chryst, either had kyllled
 other.

Saynt Gregori was a good pope, and had a good
 forwyt,

That no prioreffe were priest, for that he provided,
 Lest happeli thei had had no grace to hold harlatri in,
 For they are ticle of her tonges, and must al secretes
 tel.

Among monks I myght be and mani tyme I shamen,
 For they ben many fel frekes my ferys to spie,
 Both prior and subprier and oure *pater abbas*. 170
 And if I tel any tales, they taken hem togethers,
 And do me fast Fridayes to bred and to water.
 I am chalenged and chyden in chapter house, as I a
 chylde were,

And balased on the bare arse and no brech betwen ;

Therefore have I no lykinge with tho leods to wonne.
 I ete there unhende fyfhe, and feble ale drynke ;
 Other while, whan wine cometh, I drinke wine at
 even,

I have a flux of a foule mouthe, wel five daies after.
 Al the wyckednes that I wote by any of mi brether,
 I kouth it in our cloystur, that al our covent wot it !
 Now repent you, quod Repentaunce, and reherce
 you never

Council that thou knowest, by countenance ne by
 ryght ;

And drynke not over delicatelie ne to depe neyther,
 That thie wyl because therof to wrath myght turne.
Eflo sobrius, he sayde, and assoyled hym after, 185
 And bad hym wyl to wepe his wykednes to amende.

And than came Covetis, can I hym not describe,
 So hungrelye and hollowe, so sternly hym loked.
 He was bittil browed, and babburlyppyd also,
 Wyth two blered eyen as a blinde hagge, 190
 And as a lethern purse lolled hys chekes,
 Wel syder then hys chynne, they shevered for olde,
 And as a bound man of his bacon his berd was bi-
 drauled ;

With an hood on his hed, and a lousye hat above,
 And a tauny taberde of twelve wynter age, 195
 Al totorne and bawdie, and ful of lyce crepinge ;
 But yf that a loufe coude have lopen the better,

She had not walkt on that welth, fo was it thred
bare.

I have ben covetous, quod thys katife, I beknow
it here,

For fomtyme I served Symme at style, 200

And was hys prentice plight, his profyt to way,

Fyrst I lerned to lie a leefse, outhur twayne,

Wyckedlye to weye was mi fyrst lesson.

To Wy and to Wyncheſter I wente to the fayre,

With mani maner merchandife, as mi mafter me
hight ; 205

Ne had the grace of gyle igoo amongst my
chaffer.

It had bene unfolde thys feven yere, so me god
helpe.

Than drave I me among drapers, my donet to
lerne,

To drawe the lyfer alonge the lenger it femed,

Amonge the riche rayes I rendred a lesſon, 210

To broche them with a packe-nedle, and plitte
hem togethers,

And put hem in a presse and pynned them therin,

Til ten yarde or twelve had tolled oute thirteen.

My wyfe was a webfter, and wollen cloth made.

She spake to spynsters to spynnen it out, 215

And the pound that she paid be paid a quartern
more

Than myne owne auncer, who so wayed trueth.

I bought her barely malte, she brewed it to sell ;

Penyale and puddyng ale she poured togethers,
 For laborars and lowe folke, that lay by it selfe.
 The best ale lay in my boure, or els in my cham-
 bre,

And whofo bummed thereof bought it thereafter
 A gallon for a grote, god wote no lesse,
 And yet it came in cupemele, this craft she used.
 Roose the regrater was her ryght name, 225
 She hath holden ' hukkestri ' al hire lyfe tyme,
 And I swere now sothelick that sinne wolde I let,
 And never wyckedly wey, ne wicked chaffre use;
 But wenden to Walsingham, and my wyfe Alis ;
 And byd the roode of Bromholme bring me out of
 dette. 230

Repenteft thou ever, quod Repentaunce, or restitu-
 tion madeft ?

Yes, once I was herberd, quod he, with a hepe of
 chapmen,

I rose whan they were at rest, and rifled their males.
 That was not restitution, quod Repentaunce, but
 robbers theft ;

Thou hadest bene better worthy be hanged ther-
 fore, 235

Than for al that that thou hast here shewed.

I toke rifling for restitution, quod he; for I never
 red boke ;

And I can no French in faith but of the fer end of
 Norfolk.

Used thou ever usarie, quod Repentaunce, in al thy
life time ?

Nay, sothly, he sayde, save in my youthe, 240

I lerned amonge Lumbards and Jewes a lesson,

To wey pence with a payes and pare the hevyest,

And leve it for love of the crosse to ley a wed and
lesen it,

Such dedes I dyd wryte, yf he his daye brake.

I have mo maners by reragis than throughe *miseratur et commodat.* 245

I have lent lords and ladies mi chaffer,

And bene her broker after and bought it myselfe,

Efscheaunges and chevifauncis, with such chaffer I
dele,

And lende folke that lease wyll a lyp at everie no-
ble.

And with Lumbards letters I lad golde to Rome,

And toke it by tale here and tolde hem there lesse:

Lendeth thou ever lordis for love of her meintein-
aunce ?

Yea, I have lent lordes that loved me never after;

And have made menie a knight both mercer and
draper,

That paid not for his prentishode one paire of
glovis. 255

Haft thou pitie on pore men that must nedes borowe?

I have as mich pitie on the pore as pedler hath of
cats,

That kilth hem if he can hem catch, for covet of
her skins.

Art thou manlich emong thy neibours of thi mete
and drinke?

I am holden, quod he, as hinde as is hound in kitchin,
Amongest my neibours namely such a name I have.
God lene the never, quod Repentaunce, but thou
repent the rather,

Grace on thys ground thie good 'welle' to byset,
Ne thyne heyres after that have joye of that thou
winest,

Ne thine executors wel bifet the sylver that thou
them levest, 265

And that was wonne with wronge with wicked
men be dispendid.

For were I frier of the houe ther good feith and
chariti is,

I hold cope us wyth thy cattei, ne oure 'kyrke'
amende,

Ne have a penye to mi pertaunce, so god my soul
helpe, 270

For the best boke in our houe, bryght golde if it
were,

And I wyth wetterlye thou were such as thou tel-
lest.

Servus es alterius cum fercula pingua queris,

Pane tuo potius vescere liber eris.

V. 262. leue. V. 266. wyll. V. 271. brike.

Thou art an unkynde creature, I can the not assoile,
Tyl thou make restitution and rekenyng with them
al;

And syth that Reason rolle it in the regeſter of heaven
That thou haſt made eche man good, I may the
not assoile.

Non dimittitur peccatum niſi reſtituatur ablatum.

For al that have of thy good, have god my trowth,
Bene holden at the heygh dome to help the to reſtitue.
Whoſo levethe not this be ſoth, loke in the pſalter
claufe,

In *Miferere mei deus*, whether I mene truthe.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexiſti, &c.

Shal never workeman in this worlde thrive with
that thou wineſt. 285

Cum ſancto ſanctus eris: conſtru me that in Englyſh.
Than wax the ſhrew in wanhop, and wold hang him
ſelfe,

Ne had Repentaunce the rather reconſorted him in
this maner:

Have merci in thy minde, and with thi mouth
beſech it;

For gods mercy is more than al hys other workes,
And al wikednes in the world that man mai work
or think

V. 289. beſech.

Is no more to the mercie of god than in the sea a
gled.

*Omnis iniquitas quantum ad misericordiam dei est
quasi scintilla in medio maris.*

Therefore have thou merci in mind, and merchandise
leve it. 295

For thou hast no good ground to get therwith wastell,
But if it were wyth thy tounge or else with thy two
hands.

For the good that thou hast gotten began all with
falsed,

And as long as thou livist therwith thou paist ~~not~~
but borowst.

And if thou wyt never to which ne to whome to
restore, 300

Bere it to the byshop, and byd hym of hys grace

Biset it hymselfe as best is for thy soule.

For he shall answere for the at the heygh dome,

For the and for manie moo that man shall give a
reckening,

What he lerned you in Lent, leve you none other,

And that he lent you of oure ' lordes good' to let
you from sinne.

Now begynneth Gloton for to go to shryfte,

And carieth him to the kyrkward hys ' culpe' to
shew ;

And Beton the bruster bad hym god morowe,

And asked of hym with that, whetherwarde he
wolde. 310

To holy churche, quod 'she,' for to here masse,
And sythen I woulde be shreven and syn no more.
I have good ale, gossip, quod 'she,' Gloton, wold
thou assay ?

Hast thou ought in thy purse ? any hote spices ?
I have pepper and piones, quod 'she', and a pound
of garlyk, 315

And a farthing worth of fennel sede for fasting dayes.
Than goeth Gloton in, and greate othes after,
' Sys' the fouteres sat on the benche,
Wat the warner and hys wyfe bothe,

Tyme the tynker and tweine of hys prentices, 320
Hycke the hackeney-man, and Hughe the ' pedler,'
Claryse of Cockeslane, and the clerke of the church,
Davie the diker, and a dosen other,

Sir Pierce of Pridy, and Pernell of Flaunders,
A ribibour, a ratoner, a rakier of chepe, 325

A roper, a reding king, and Rose the disheris,
Godfray of Garlyke hyve, and Gryffin the Walshe,
And upholders an heape, early by the morrowe,
Geven Gloton wyth glade chere good ale to hansell.
Clement the cobbler cast of hys cloke, 330
And at the newe fayre he nempned it to sell.

V. 313. 315. *he.* *V.* 318. *Sus.* *V.* 321. *medler.*
V. 323. *Dawe.*

Sometyme afyde, and sometyme arere,
 As whoso layeth lynes for to lache soules.
 And whan he drough [to] the dore than dimmed
 his eyen,

He stombled on the threshold, and threwe to the
 earth.

Clement the cobler caught hym by the myddle,
 For to lyft hym a losfe, and laied him upon his knees,
 And Gloton was a great churle and a gryme in the
 lifting,

And kought up a caudle in Clementes lappe,
 There is none so hongry hounde in Herforteshere
 Durst lap of tho levinges, so unlovely they sinaught.
 With al the wo of thys world his wife and hys wench
 Bare hym home to hys bedde, and brought him therin.
 And after al this excessse he had an accidie,
 That he slope Saturday and Sondag, til funne went
 to rest,

Than waked he of hys wynking, and wyped hyse eyes.
 The first word that he warped was, wher is the bolle?
 His wife gan edwite him tho, how wickedly he
 lived,

And Repentaunce right so rebuked hym that tyme.
 As with words and workes thou wroughtst yll in
 thy lyfe,

Shrive the, and be ashamed therof, and shew it
 with thi mouth.

I Gloton, quod the grome, gyltye me yelde,
 That I have trespaced wth my tong, I cannot tel
 howe [off],

Sworne gods foule, and so god me helpe and the
 holidome,

There no nede was, nyne hundred tymes; 380
 And over se me at my soupe, and sometyme at
 nones,

That I Gloton gyrte up, ere I had gone a mile,
 And I spilt that might be spared, and spent on
 some hungrye;

Over delicatly on fasting daies dronken and eaten
 both,

And sat sumtime so long there that I slept and eate
 at once. 385

For love of tales in taberns to drink the more I
 dined,

And hied to the mete er none whan fasting daies
 were.

This shoing shrift, quod Repentaunce, shal be me-
 rit to the.

And than gan Gloton 'grete' and great dole to make,
 For hys lewde lyfe that he lyved had, 390

And vowed to faste for hunger and for thurst :

Shal never fishe on Friday diffien in my wombe,

'Tyl Abstynence myne aunt have gyven me leve,

And yet have I hated her al my lyfe tyme.

Than came Sloth, al beslabered, with two flymy
eyne. 395

I must sit, sayde the segge, or els I must nedes nap,
I maye not stand, ne stoupe, ne without mi stole
knele.

Were I brought abed, but if my talende it made,
Should no ringing do me ryse or I were ripe to dine.
He began *Benedicite* with a belke, and hys brest
knoked, 400

And raskled and rored and rutte at the last.

What ! wake, reuk, quod Repentaunce, and rape
the to shrift.

If I should dye, by thys daye, me lyst not to loke.
I can not parfitly mi pater-noster, as the preist it
singeth,

But I can ryms of Roben Hode, and Randol erl
of Chester, 405

But of our lorde or our lady I lerne nothyng at all.
I have made vowes forty, and forgotten them on
the morowe.

I performed never penaunce as the preist me hyght,
Ne right forie for my sinnis yet was I never ;
And if I byd any bedes, but if yt be wrath, 410
That I tel with my tounge is two mile from my
herte.

I am occupied every daye, holy daye and other,
Wyth idle tales at the ale, and otherwhile in church,

Gods payne and his passion, full felde thynke I
theron.

I vyfited never feble men, nefettred folkein 'pyttes,'
I have lever here an harlotry, or a somers game,
Or leasynges to laughe at, and bilye my neigh-
bours,

Then all that ever Marke made, Mathi, John and
Lucas.

And vigiles and fastynge dayes, al these let I passe,
And lye in bed in Lent, and my lemman in myne
armes, 420

Tyl mattens and masse be done, and than go I to
the fryers,

Come I to *Ite missa est* I holde me served.

I am not shryven sometyme, but if sicknes it
make,

Not twyse in two yere, and than, up gosse, I shrive
me.

I have ben prieste and person passynge thyrtty win-
ter, 425

Yet can I nether solse, ne singe, ne sayntes lyves
read;

But I can find in a field or in a furlong an hare,
Better than in *Beatus vir*, or in *Beati omnes*,
Construe one clause well, and kenne it to my pari-
shens.

I can holde love-dayes, and here a revcs reke-
nynge, 429

58 EXTRACTS. [LANGELANDE.]

Both breade and ale, butter, mylke and chese,
For slouthed in my service, tyll it myght serve no
man.

I ranne aboute in youth, and gave me not to lern-
ing,
And ever sith have ben [in] beggery for my foule
slouth.



INDUCTION

TO

THE COMPLAYNT OF HENRYE DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM,

IN

THE SECONDE PARTE OF THE MIRROUR
FOR MAGISTRATES."

BY THOMAS SACKVILLE,
EARL OF DORSET. *

THE wrathfull winter, proching on apace,
With bluftring blastes had al ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling colde had pearlt the tender green,
The mantels rent wherein enwrapped been 5
The gladfom groves, that nowe laye overthrowen,
The tapets torrie, and every tree downe blowen.

* Born 1536; dyed 1608. The "Myrrour for magistrates" is a collection of legends from the English chronicles of such eminent or remarkable characters as have come to a miserable or unfortunate end, in the manner and by way of continuation of Boccace (*De casu principum*), who had been translated by Lydgate. The principal writers are William Baldwyn, George Ferrars, Tho. Churchyard, and this earl of Dorset, (then "Mayster Sackville,") who intended his "Induction" as a general preface to a series of histories from the

When loe the night with mistie mantels spred
Gan darke the daye, and dim the azure skyes;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bluddy Mars, to wyl him not to ryse, 25
While she her selfe approcht in speedy wise;
And Virgo, hiding her disdainful brest,
With Thetis nowe had layd her downe to rest.

* * * * *

And Phaeton nowe neare reaching to his race,
With glistering beames, gold streamynge where
they bent, 30

Was prest to enter in his resting place;
Erythius that in the cart fyrste went
Had even nowe attaynde his journeyes stent,
And fast declining hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed. 35

And pale Cinthèa with her borrowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
Was past the noonesteede syxe degrees in sight,
When sparklyng starres amynd the heavens face
With twinkling light shoen on the earth apace, 40
That whyle they brought about the nightes chare,
The darke had dimmed the daye ear I was ware.

And forowing I to see the sommer flowers,
The lively greene, the lusty leas forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers, 45
The fieldes so fade that flourishd so beforne,
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne

To dye the death, for nought long time may last;
The sommers beauty yeeldes to winters blast.

Then looking upward to the heavens leames, 50
With nightes starres thicke powdred every where,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streames
That chearefull Phebus spred downe from his sphere,
Beholding darke oppressing day so neare,
The sodayne fight reduced to my minde 55
The sundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flyckering flame that with the fyer is wrought,
My busie minde presented unto me 60
Such falle of pieres as in this realme had be,
That ofte I wisht some would their woes descryve,
To warne the rest whom fortune left alive.

And strayt, forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast, 65
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forwalste,
Furth from her iyen the cristall teares outbrast,
And syghing fore her handes she wrong and folde,
Tare all her heare, that ruth was to beholde. 70

Her body small, forwithered and forespent,
As is the stalke that sommers drought opprest,
Her wealked face with woful teares besprent,

Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)
In woe and playnt repofed was her rest ; 75
And as the fone that droppes of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her iyes swollen with flowing streames afote,
Wherewith her lookes throwen up full piteouslye,
Her forceles handes together ofte she smote, 80
With dolefull shrikes, that eckoed in the skye :
Whose playnt fuch fighes dyd strayt accompany,
That in my doome was never man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begon as she.

I stoode agast beholding all her plight, 85
Tweene dread and dolour so distreynd in hart,
That, while my heares upstartd with the fight,
The teares out streamde for sorowe of her smart :
But when I sawe no ende that could aparte
The deadly dewle, which she so fore dyd make, 90
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake.

Unwrap thy woes, what ever wight thou be,
And stint betime to spill thy selfe wyth playnt,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure wyth sorowe thus attaynt. 95
And with that worde of sorowe all forfaynt
She looked up, and prostrate as she laye
With piteous sound loe thus she gan to saye.

Alas! I wretche whom thus thou seest distreyned
With wasting woes that never shall aslake, 100
Sorrowe I am, in endeles torments payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake;
While Pluto god of Hel, so griesly blacke,
Doth holde his throne, and Letheus deadly taste
Doth rieve rembraunce of eche thyng forepast. 105

Whence come I am, the dreary destinie
And luckeles lot for to bemone of those
Whom Fortune in this maze of miserie,
Of wretched chaunce most wofull myrrours chose;
That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose 110
Theyr pompe, theyr power, and that they thought
most sure,
Thou mayest soone deeme no earthly joye may dure.

Whose rufull voice no sooner had out brayed
Thoie wofull wordes wherewith she sorrowed so,
But out alas! she shryght, and never stayed, 115
Fell downe, and all to dasht herselfe for woe:
The colde pale dread my lymys gan overgo;
And I so sorrowed at her sorrowes est,
That what with grieve and feare my wittes were
rest.

I strecht my selfe, and strayt my hart revives, 120
That dread and dolour erst did so appale;
Lyke him that with the fervent fever stryves,

When Sickenes seekes his castell Health to skale :
With gathered sprites so forst I fear to avale :
And, rearing her, with anguise all fordone, 125
My spirits returnd, and then I thus begonne.

O Sorrowe, alas ! sith Sorrowe is thy name,
And that to thee this dreere doth well pertayne,
In vayne it were to seeke to ceas the same ;
But as a man hymselfe with sorrowe slayne, 130
So I, alas ! do comfort thee in payne,
That here in sorrowe art forsonke so depe
That at thy sight I can but sigh and wepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,
But that the storme so rumbled in her brest 135
As Eolus could never roare the like ;
And showers downe rained from her eyen so fast,
That all bedreynt the place ; till at the last,
Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormy wynde.

For furth she paced in her fearfull tale :
Cum, cum (quod she) and see what I shall shewe ;
Cum, heare the playning and the bytter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrowe,
Cum thou, and see them rewing al in rowe : 145

They were but shades, that erst in minde thou rolde;
Cum, cum with me, thine eyes shall them beholde

* * * * *

I shal the guyde first to the griesly lake,
And thence unto the blisfull place of rest,
Where thou shalt see and heare the playnt they
make 150

That whilom here bare swinge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest
That thou must byde before thou canst attayne
Unto the dreadfull place where these remayne.

And with these wurdcs as I uprayed stood, 155
And gan to folowe her that strayght furth paced,
Eare I was ware, into a desert wood
We nowe were cum, where, hand in hand im-
braced,

She led the way, and through the thicke so traced,
As, but I had bene guyded by her might, 160
It was no waye for any mortall wight.

But, loe, while thus amid the desert darke
We passed on with steppes and pace unmete,
A rumbling roar, confusde with howle and barke
Of dogs, shoke all the ground under our feete. 165
And stroke the din within our eares so deepe,

SACKVILLE.] EXTRACTS.

As halfe distraught unto the ground I fell,
Besought retourne, and not to visite hell.

But she forthwith uplifting me apace
Removed my dread, and with a stedfast minde 170
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our travayle ende should finde.
Wherewith I arose, and to the place assynde
Astoynde I stalke, when strayt we approached nere
The dredfull place, that you wil dread to here, 175

An hydeous hole al vaste, withouten shape,
Of endles depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
Wyth ougly mouth, and grisly jawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred we, and yeding forth, anone 180
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne,
As blacke as pitche, that cleped is Averne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbishe growes,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps that
lyes,
Which up in the ayer such stinking vapors throwes
That over there may flye no fowle but dyes,
Choakt with the pestilent favours that aryse.
Hither we cum, whence forth we styll dyd pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the portche and jawes of Hell 190
 Sate diepe Remorse of conscience, al besprent
 With teares ; and to her selfe oft would she tell
 Her wretchednes, and cursing never stent
 To sob and sigh ; but ever thus lament
 With thoughtful care, as she that all in vayne 195
 Would weare and waste continually in payne.

Her iyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
 Whurld on eche place, as place that vengeauns
 brought,
 So was her minde continually in feare,
 Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought 200
 Of those detested crymes which she had wrought :
 Wyth dreadful cheare and lookes throwen to the
 skye,
 Wyshing for death, and yet she could not dye,

Next sawe we Dread, al trembling how he shooke,
 With foote uncertayne profered here and there ;
 Benumde of speache, and, with a gastly looke,
 Searcht every place, al pale and dead for feare,
 His cap borne up with staring of his heare,
 Stoynde and amazde at his owne shade for dreed,
 And fearing greater daungers than was nede. 210

And next within the entry of this lake
 Sate fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for yre,

Devising meanes howe she may vengeaunce take,
Never in rest tyll she have her desire;
But frets within so farforth with the fyer 215
Of wreaking flames, that nowe determines she
To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloody foule pretence;
Had showed her selfe as next in order set,
With trembling limmes we softly parted thence,
Tyll in our iyes another sight we met:
When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing, alas! upon the wofull plight.
Of Miserie, that next appered in sight:

His face was leane, and sumdeale pyned away, 225
And eke his handes consumed to the bone;
But what his body was I can not say,
For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Save cloutes and patches pieced one by one.
With staffe in hand, and skrip on shoulders cast,
His chiefe defence agaynst the winters blast.

His foode, for most, was wylde fruytes of the tree,
Unles sumtime sum crummes fell to his share;
Which in his wallet long, god wote, kept he,
As on the which full dayntlye woulde he fare. 235
His drinke the running streame, his cup the bare

Of his palme closed, his bed the hard colde groundes :
To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well behelde,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres, 240
In thoughtfull cares, furth then our pace we helde,
And by and by an 'other' shape apperes
Of greedy Care, stil brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knobd, his fleshe deepe dented in,
With tawed handes, and hard ystanned skyn. 245

The morrowe graye no sooner hath begunne
To spreade his light even peping in our iyes,
When he is up and to his worke yrunne;
But let the nightes blacke mistye mantels rise,
And with fowle darke never so much disguyse 250
The fayre bright day, yet ceasseth he no whyle,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heavy Slepe, the cosin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and stil as any stone,
A very corps, save yelding forth a breath. 255
Small kepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on;
Or whom she lifted up into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a living death,
So dead alyve, of lycf he drewe the breath.

The bodyes rest, the quyete of the hart, 260
The travayles ease, the still nightes feer was he;
And of our life in earth the better parte,
Rever of fight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and ofte that never bee:
Without respect esteeming equally 265
Kyng Cresus pompe, and Irus povertie.

And next in order sad olde Age we found,
His beard al hoare, his iyes hollow and blynde,
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him affinde 270
To rest, when that the sisters had untwynde
His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow playnt
Rewe with himselfe his ende approching fast, 275
And all for nought his wretched minde torment,
With swete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And freshe delites of lusty youth forwaste;
Recounting which how would he sob and shrike,
And to be yong againe of Jove beseke! 280

But, and the cruell fates so fixed be
That time forepast can not retourne agayne,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he,

That in such withered plight, and wretched paine
As elde (accompanied with his lothſom trayne)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grieve,
He myght a while yet linger forth his lief,

And not ſo ſoone deſcend into the pit
Where Death; when he the mortall corps hath ſlayne,
With retcheles hande in grave doth cover it, 290
Thereafter never to enjoye agayne
The gladſome light, but in the ground ylayne,
In depth of darkenes waſte and weare to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had ſeene him fobbing, howe he ſtoode,
Unto him ſelfe and howe he would bemone
His youth forepaſt, as though it wrought hym good
To talke of youth, al wer his youth foregone,
He would have muſed, and mervayld much whereon
This wretched Age ſhould lyfe deſyre ſo fayne,
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, toothſhaken, and blere eyed,
Went on three fecte, and ſometime crept on fower,
With olde lame bones, that ratled by his fyde,
His ſkalpe all pilde, and he with elde forlore, 305
His withered fiſt ſtil knocking at Deathes dore,
Tumbling and driveling as he drawes his breth,
For brieſe, the ſhape and meſſenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Maladie was plasste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour al forgone, 310
Bereft of stomake, favor, and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meat but brothes alone ;
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickenes past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisickes cure. 315

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see !
We turnde our looke, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,
And roard for meat, as she should there have dyed;
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,
Wherto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas ! was knawen on every where
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From teares, to se how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnashe on the bones in vayne ;
When all for nought she fayne would so sustayne
Her starven corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stone wall could not stay,
Her tearyng nayles snatching at all she sawe :
With gaping jawes that by no meanes ymay
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,

But eates herselfe as she that hath no lawe :
 Gnawyng, alas ! her carkas all in vayne, 335
 Where you may couut eche sinow, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our iyes,
 That bled for ruth of such a drery fight,
 Loe sodaynelye she shryght in so huge wyse,
 As made hell-gates to shyver with the myght : 340
 Wherewith a darte we sawe howe it did lyght
 Ryght on her brest, and therewithal pale Death
 Enthrylling it to reve her of her breath.

And by and by a dum dead corps we sawe,
 Heavy and colde, the shape of Death aryght, 345
 That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe ;
 Agaynst whose force in vayne it is to fyght ;
 Ne piers, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
 ' Ne' townes, ne realmes, cities, ne strongest tower,
 But al perforce must yeeld unto his power. 350

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
 And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
 With great tryumphe estones the same he shooke,
 That most of all my feares affrayed me :
 His bodie dight with nought but bones, perdye,
 The naked shape of man there sawe I playne,
 All save the fleshe, the synowe, and the vayne.

Lastly stode Warre in glitteryng armes yclad,
With visage grym, sterne lookes, and blackely
hewed.

In his right hand a naked sworde he had, 360
That to the hiltes was al with blud embrewed ;
And in his left (that kinges and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and fyer he held, and therewythall
He razed townes, and threwe downe towers and all.

Cities he sakt, and realmes that whilom flowred
In honor, glory, and rule above the best,
He overwhelme, and all theyr fame devowred,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceast,
Tyll he theyr wealth, theyr name, and all opprest,
His face forhewed with woundes, and by his side
There hunge his targe with gasches depe and wyde.

In mids of which, depaynted there we founde
Deadly Debate, al ful of snaky heare,
That with a blouddy fillet was ybound,
Outbrething nought but discord every where. 375
And round about were portrayd here and there
The hugie hostes, Darius and his power,
His kynges, prynces, his pieres, and al his flower.

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight,
With diepe slaughter, dispoilyng all his pryde,
Pearst through his realmes, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hanniball beheld I there beside,

In Cannas field, victor howe he did ride ;
 And woful Romaynes that in vayne withstoode ;
 And consull Paulus, covered all in blood. 385

* * * * *

Xerxes the Percian kyng yet sawe I there,
 With his huge host that dranke the rivers drye,
 Dismounted hilles, and made the vales uprere,
 His hoste and all yet sawe I slayne perdye.
 Thebés I sawe all razd howe it dyd lye 390
 In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoyle,
 With walles and towers flat evened with the soyle.

But Troy, alas ! (me thought) above them all,
 It made myne iyes in very teares consume ;
 When I beheld the wofull werd befall, 395
 That by the wrathfull wyl of gods was come ;
 And Joves unmooved sentence and foredoome
 On Priam kyng, and on his towne so bent :
 I could not lyn, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith deslinie was so sterne 400
 As force ' perforce,' there myght no force awayle,
 But she must fall : and by her fall we learne,
 That cities, towres, wealth, world, and al shall
 quayle :

Nomanhoode, might, nor nothing mought prevayle,
 Al were there prest ful many a prynce and piere,
 And many a knight that solde his death full deere.

Not wurthy Hector, wurthyest of them all,
 Her hope, her joye, his force is nowe for nought,
 O Troy, Troy, [Troy,] there is no boote but bale,
 The hugie horse within thy walles is brought: 410
 Thy turrets fall, thy knightes, that whilom fought
 In armes amynd the fyeld, are slayne in bed,
 Thy gods defylde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames upspring, and cruelly they crepe
 From wall to roose, til all to cindres waste; 415
 Some fyer the houses where the wretches slepe,
 Sum rushe in here, sum run in there as fast;
 In every where or sworde or fyer they taste:
 The walles are torne, the towers whurld to the
 ground,

There is no mischiefe but may there be found. 420

* * * * *

But howe can I descryve the doleful fight
 That in the shyld so livelike fayer did shyne?
 Sith in this world, I thinke, was never wyght
 Could have set furth the halfe, not halfe so fyne.
 I can no more but tell howe there is seene 425
 Fayer Ilium fal in burning red gledes downe,
 And from the soyle great Troy, Neptunus towne.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes with-
 drawe,
 That fylde with teares as doeth the spryngyng well,

We passed on so far furth tyl we sawe 430
 Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell,
 That boyles and bubs up swelth as blacke as hell;
 Where grisly Charon at theyr fixed tide
 Stil ferreies ghostes unto the farder side.

The aged god no sooner Sorowe spyed, 435
 But hasting strayt unto the banke apace,
 With hollow call unto the rout he cryed,
 To swarve apart, and geve the goddesse place:
 Strayt it was done, when to the shoar we pace,
 Where hand in hand as we then linked fast, 440
 Within the boate we are together plaste.

And furth we launch, ful fraughted to the brinke,
 Whan with the unwonted weyght, the rustye keele
 Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.
 We hoyse up mast and sayle, that in a whyle
 We fet the shore, where scarcely we had while 445
 For to arryve, but that we heard anone
 A thre sound barke confounded al in one.

We had not long furth past, but that we sawe,
 Blacke Cerberus, the hydeous hound of hell, 450
 With bristles reard, and with a thre mouthed jawe,
 Foredinning the ayer with his horrible yel.
 Oute of the diepe darke cave where he dyd dwell,
 The goddesse frayt he knewe, and by and by
 He peaste and couched, while that we passed by.

Thence cum we to the horroure and the hel,
The large great kyngdomes, and the dreadful raygne
Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,
The wyde waste places, and the hugye playne: 460
The waylinges, shrykes, and sundry sortes of payne,
The syghes, the sobbes, the diepe and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all resounding playnt and moane.

Here pewled the babes, and here the maydes unwed
With folded handes theyr sory chaunce bewayled:
Here wept the gyltles slayne, and lovers dead, 465
That slewe them selves when nothyng els avayled;
A thousand sortes of sorrowes here that wayled
With fighes and teares, fobs, shrykes, and all yfere,
That (oh alas!) it was a hel to heare.

We stayed us strayt, and wyth a rufull feare, 470
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes
The vapored teares downstilled here and there,
And Sorowe eke, in far more woful wyse,
Tooke on with playnt, up heaving to the skyes
Her wretched handes, that with her crye the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme us round about.

Loe here (quod Sorowe) prynces of renowne,
That whilom sat on top of Fortunes wheele,
Nowe layed ful lowe, like wretches whurled downe,
Even with one frowne, that stayed but with a smyle.
And nowe behold the thing that thou erewhile

Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt heare
 Recompt the same to kefar, king, and pier.

Then first came Henry duke of Buckingham,
 His cloke of blacke al pilde and quite forworne,
 Wrining his handes, and Fortune ofte doth blame,
 Which of a duke hath made him nowe her skorne;
 With gasty lookes, as one in maner lorne,
 Oft spred his armes, stretcht handes he joynes as fast,
 With ruful chere, and vapored eyes upcast. 490

His cloke he rent, his manly breást he beat,
 His heare al torne about the place it laye;
 My hart so molte to see his grieve so great,
 As felingly me thought it dropt awaye:
 His iyes they whurled about withouten staye, 495
 With stormy syghes the place dyd so complayne,
 As if his hart at eche had burst in twayne.

Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
 And thrise the sighes did swalowe up his voyce,
 At eche of which he shryked so wythal 500
 As though the heavens rived with the noyse:
 Tyll, at the last, recovering his voyce,
 Supping the teares that all his brest beraynde,
 On cruel Fortune, weping, thus he playnde.



“ THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

DISPOSED INTO XII. BOOKS.

FASHIONING THE XII. MORAL VIRTUES.”

BY EDMUND SPENSER. *

“ THE SECOND BOOKE.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON.

OR

OF TEMPERANCE.”

CANT. VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Merit,
led into loose desyre,
Fights with Cymockles, whiles his bre-
ther burnes in furious fire.*

A HARDER lesson, to learne continence
In joyous pleasure, then in grievous paine :
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine

* See Volume I. page 7.

VOL. III.

F

From that, which feeble nature covets faine; 5
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can 'restraine;'
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

Whom bold Cymochles traveling to finde, 10
With cruel purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore as swift as glaunce of eye, 15
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours, woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein fate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to her selfe alone; 20
Sometimes she song, as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, 'that nigh her breeth was
gone,'
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were
none, 25

*V. 12. Atin was "Pyrrhocles varlet," and thinking he
had seen his master killed by sir Guyon. fled to Cymochles,
whom he incited to revenge his brothers death.*

She could devise, and thousand waies invent,
To feede her foolish humour and vaine jolliment.

Which when far of Cymochles heard, and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard,
The little barke unto the shore to draw, 30
And him to ferry over that deepe ford :
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streight-
way

Turnd to the shore, where that fame warlike
lord

She in receiv'd ; but Atin by no way 35
She would admit, albe the knight her much did
pray.

Estfoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly ; 40
Onely the turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared she her course for to apply ;

For it was taught the way which she would
have,

And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely
save.

45

And all the way the wanton damfell found
New merth, her paffenger to entertaine :
For ſhe in pleaſaunt purpoſe did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a ſtore-houſe did with her remaine ; 50
Yet ſeemed, nothing well they her became ;
For all her wordes ſhe drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the fame,
That turned all her pleaſaunce to a ſcoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes ſhe would devize,
As her fantaſticke wit did moſt delight,
Sometimes her head ſhe fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or freſhe flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of ruſhes plight ;
Sometimes to do him laugh, ſhe would aſſay 60
To laugh at ſhaking of the leavés light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and looſe dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no ſovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martial might ;
So eaſie was to quench his flamed minde
With one ſweete drop of ſenſuall delight : 70
So eaſie is, t' appeaſe the ſtormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleaſaunt womankind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that usage ment, 75
Which in her cott she daily practised.
Vaine man (saide she) that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phædria (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow seruaunt ; 80
For thou to serue Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thether sayles by
ayme,

Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow, 85
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow ;
Both slow and swift alike do serue my tourne :
Ne swelling Neptune, ne lowd thundring Ioue

V. 81. His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her bowre of blisse,
Does chaime her lovers, and the feeble sprighes
Can call out of the bodies of frail wighes :
Whom than she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron newes,
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never shewes,

II. v. 27.

Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever
mourne ;

My litte boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage, which he spake,
And come unto an island, waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake ;
There her small gondelay her port did make, 95
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land, that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull
great store.

It was a chofen plott of fertile land, 100
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had, by Natures cunning hand,
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best :
No dainty flowre, or herbe, that growes on
grownd, 105
No arborett with painted blossomes drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and her sweete smells throwe al
arewnd.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not fitt; 110
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song but did containe a lovely ditt:
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed
fitt,

For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please;
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and filld with pleasures vayne,
Into a shady dale shee soft him led, 123
And laid him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe, without dread or disdayn,
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayne,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd,
The whiles with a 'loud' lay shee thus him sweetly
charm'd.

Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt
growes,
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,

They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and
 faire,
 And decke the world with their rich pompous
 showes ;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines com-
 pare.

135

The lilly, lady of the flowring field,
 The slowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
 And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure ;
 Loe, loe, how brave she decks her bounteous
 boure,

140

With filkin curtens and gold coverletts,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamour !
 Yet neither spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
 Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine ?
 What bootes it al to have, and nothing use ? 150
 Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse ?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures
 chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no wordly thing he care did take; 155
Then she with liquors strong his eies did sleepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him lefte, and did herself betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleste
The slouthfull wave of that great grieſly lake; 60
Soone ſhee that iſland far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that ſame place, where firſt
ſhe weſte.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other ſide of that wide ſtrond,
Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
Him needed not long call, ſhee ſoone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding fond,
With his ſad guide; him ſelfe ſhe tooke aboard,

V. 68. [ſad guide] Him alſ accompanied upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of ripeſt yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did ſtire,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbes ſhould tire:
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He ſeemd to be a ſage and ſober ſyre,
And ever with ſlow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling ſtead with equall ſteps
to tread.

II. i 7.

But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would, for price or prayers, once affoord 170
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire, 175
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged fire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course,
Through the dull billowes, thicke as troubled
mire,

Whom nether wind out of their feat could forſe,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish
courſe. 180

And by the way, as was her wonted guiſe,
Her mery ſitt ſhee freſhly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollity devize,
Her ſelfe to cheriſh, and her gueſt to cheare;
The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honeſt merth and pleaſaunce to partake;
But when he ſaw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And paſſe the bonds of modeſt merimake,
Her dalliaunce he deſpiſd, and follies did forſake,

Yet she still followed her former stile, 190
And said and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
But when as Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said, 195
Ah dame, perdy, ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid ;
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.

Faire sir (quod she) be not displeasd at all ;
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call :
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray ;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay ; 205
Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in
jest.

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathélesse
Himselfe appease, and islewd forth on shore :
The joyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnessse, 210
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much
more :
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,

The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing, 215
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skilful art : 220
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize
 Might not revive desire of knightly exercise. 225

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart :
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
 As to despise so curteous seeming part,
 That gentle lady did to him impart ; 130
 But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart :
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme,
 And shaking off his drowfy dreriment,
 Can him avize, howe ill did him beseme,

In slouthfull sleep his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceived yre : 240
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staied for his damsell to inquire,
But marched to the stond, ' there' passage to re-
quire.

And in the way he with sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire,
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett, 245
Crying, Let be that lady debonaire,
Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thy selfe pre-
paire
To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn :
Loc, loc, already, how the fowles in aire 250
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcass for their prey, the guerdon of thy payn !

And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld ;
Who soone, prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall vauw countervayld :
Their mightie strokes their habergeons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles ;
The mortall Steele despitously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron
walles, 260
That a large purple stream adown their giambour
falles.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
 So puissant foe, with envious despight
 His prowd presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held so long in fight ; 265
 Sir Guyon grudging not so much his might,
 As those unknightly raylinges, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
 Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled every
 stroke. 270

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
 And both attonce their huge blowes down did
 fway ;
 Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away ;
 But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play 275
 On th'others helmet, which as Titan shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone ;
 Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as fencelesse
 stone.

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld 280
 That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran,
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with piteous voyce, and count'nance
 wan ;

Ah well away ! most noble lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous fight, 285
To shed your lives on ground ? wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright !

If ever love of lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place, 290
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce ;
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space.
They stayd a while ; and forth she gan proceed :
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race, 295
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights
do breed !

But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
And dooleful sorrow heape with deadly harmes ;
Such cruell game my fearmoges disarmes :
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where Love does give his sweet alarmes,
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy 305
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend ;

But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
 And in amours the passing howres to spend, 310
 The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend,
 And is for Venus loves renowned more,
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of
 yore. 315

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though
 full bent
 To prove extremities of bloody fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
 Such powre have pleasing wordes; such is the might
 Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceast, the faery knight
 Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
 And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was 325
 Of his departure thence; for of her joy
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,

V. 312. the faery knight.] *Sir Guyon; so called*
from his having come from the court of "the faerie
queen."

Delighting all in armes and cruell warre, 330
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand; 335
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that damsell thanks gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand, 340
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrrhocles sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As shepheards curre, that in darke eveninges shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade;
Vile miscreaunt (said he) whither dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone
invade?

What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?

With that he flisy shooke his steelhead dart -
But sober Guyon, hearing him so rayle,
VOL. III. G

Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile ;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd. 360

Whylest there the varlett stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran,
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan ;
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He never stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the ydle flood.

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came, 370
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loslie crest was slept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely slasht 375
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee,
 For much he wondred at that uncouth sight;
 Whom should he, but his own deare lord, there
 see;

His owne deare lord Pyrrhocles, in sad plight,
 Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight?
 Harrow, now out, and well away! he cryde,
 What dismall day hath lent "his" curfed light,

To see my lord so deadly damnifyde?
 Pyrrhocles, O Pyrrhocles, what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then lowd he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fyre!
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respyre.
 Ah, be it (said he) from Pyrrhocles farre
 After pursewing death once to requyre,
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may
 marre;

395

Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre.

Perdyce, then is it fitt for me (said he)
 That am, I weene, most wretched man alive,
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying dayly, dayly yet revive:

400

V. 285. but this his. B. 1590. this. EE. 1596. 1611.

O Atin, helpe to me last death to give.
The varlet at his plaint was grieved so fore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive,
And his own health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample, which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he lept, his lord to ayd,
(So love the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happy he then wise,
Of that seas nature did him not avise. 410
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engroft with mud, which did them fowle agrise,
That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne oughtmote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.

Whiles thus they strugled in that ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save,
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword, 420
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous fowne ;
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull servaunt, stryving with his raging lord.

Him Atin spying, knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, Help, help, O Archimage,

V. 425. Archimage, a great and wicked magician.

To save my lord, in wretched plight forlore ;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage :
Weake handes, but counsell is most stronge in age.
Him when the old man saw, he woundred fore,
To see Pyrrhochles there so rudely rage : 430
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in hast approched to the shore.

And cald, Pyrrhochles, what is this I see ?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent ?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee, 435
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me
torment.
What flames (quod he) when I thee present see,
In daunger rather to be drent, then brent ?
Harro ! the flames, which me consume (said hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my secreet bowelles bee.

That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh Furor hath me thus bedight ;
His deadly woundes within my ' liver' swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,

V. 442. His engagement with this fiend happened very soon after he was conquered by sir Guyon, whom he had encountered in order to rescue Furors mother, Occasion.

Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boſte ;
That now I weene Joves dreaded thunder light
Does ſcorch not halfe ſo ſore, nor damned ghofte
In flaming Phlegeton does not ſo felly roſte. 450

Which when as Archimago heard, his grieve
He knew right well, and him attonce diſarmd ;
Then ſearcht his ſecret woundes, and made a prieſe
Of every place, that was with bruſing harmd,
Or with the hidden fier inly warmd : 455
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto ap-
plyde,
And evermore with mightie ſpels them charmd,
That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifyde,
And him reſtor'd to helth, that would have algates
dyde.



" GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE,

OR

THE RECOVERIE OF JERUSALEM.

DONE INTO ENGLISH HEROICALL VERSE,

[FROM THE ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO]

BY EDWARD FAIREFAX, GENT.*"]

" THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE."

THE ARGUMENT.

*The charmes and spirits false therein which lie,
Rinaldo chafeth from the Forrest old—*

* * * * *

12.

IT was the time when gainst the breaking day
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined;
For in the east appear'd the morning gray,
And yet some lampes in Joves high pallace shined,
When to mount Olivet he tooke his way, 5
And saw (as round about his eies he twined)

* Born 15..; dyed 16... This translation is stanza
for stanza after the original. V. 15, hc.] Rinaldo.

Nights shadowes hence, from thence the morn-
ings shine;
This bright, that darke; that earthly, this divine.

13.

Thus to himselfe he thought, how many bright
And splendant lamps shine in heav'ns temple hie! 10
Day hath his golden sun, her moone the night,
Her fixt and wandring stars the azure skie,
So framed all by their creators might,
That still they live and shine, and nere shall die,
Till (in a moment) with the last daies brand 15
They burne, and with them burnes sea, aire and
land.

14.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneeld downe with reverence and feare,
His eies upon heav'ns eastren face he bent,
His thoughts above all heav'ns uplifted weare: 20
The sinnes and errours (which I now repent)
Of mine unbridled youth, O father deare,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
And purge my faults, and mine offences all.

15.

Thus praied he with purple wings upflew: 25
In golden weed the mornings luffie queene,
Begilding (with the radiant beames she threw)
His helme, his harnesse and the mountaine greene;

Upon his brest and forehead gently blew
 The aire, that balme and nardus breath'd unseene,
 And ore his head, let downe from cleereſt ſkies,
 A cloud of pure and precious dew there lies.

16.

The heav'nly dew was on his garments ſpred,
 To which compar'd, his clothes pale aſhes ſeame,
 And ſpinkled ſo, that all that paleneſſe fled, 35
 And thence of pureſt white bright raies outſtreame;
 So cheered are the flowres late withered,
 With the ſweete comfort of the morning beame;
 And ſo returnd to youth, a ſerpent old
 Adornes her ſeiſe in new and native gold. 40

17.

The lovely whitenefſe of his changed weed
 The prince perceived well, and long admire;
 Toward the forreſt marcht he on with ſpeed,
 Reſolv'd, as ſuch adventures great requir'd;
 Thither he came, whence ſhrinking backe, for dread
 Of that ſtrange deſarts ſight, the fiſt retir'd;
 But not to him fearefull or loathſome made
 That forreſt was, but ſweete with pleaſant ſhade.

18.

Forward he paſt, and in the grove before
 He heard a ſound that ſtrange, ſweete, pleaſing was;

*V. 46. the fiſt.] Tancred, who had already eſſayed this
 adventure.*

There roll'd a christall brooke with gentle rore,
 There sigh'd the windes as through the leaves they
 pas,

There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
 There sung the swan, and singing dide, alas !
 There lute, harpe, cittren, humaine voice he hard,
 And all these sounds one sound right well declar'd.

19.

A dreedfull thunder clap at last he hard,
 The aged trees and plants welnie that rent ;
 Yet heard he nymphes and sirens afterward,
 Birdes, windes, and waters sing, with sweete consent :
 Whereat amazd he staid, and well prepard
 For his defence, needfull and slow forth went ;
 Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
 Except a quiet, still, transparent flood.

20.

On the greene banks which that faire streame in-
 bound, 65
 Flowers and odours sweetely smilde and smeld,
 Which reaching out his stretched armes around,
 All the large defart in his bosome held,
 And through the grove one channell passage found,
 That, in the wood ; in that, the Forrest dweld : 70
 Trees clad the streams ; streames greene those
 trees aie made,
 And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

21.

The knight some way fought out the flood to pas,
And as he fought a wondrous bridge appeared,
A bridge of golde, a huge and weightie mas, 75
On arches great of that rich mettall reard ;
When through that golden way he entred was,
Downe fell the bridge, swelled the streame, and
 weard

The worke away, nor signe left where it stood,
And of a river calme became a flood. 80

22.

He turnd, amafd to see it troubled foe,
Like sodaine brookes encreast with molten snow,
The billowes fierce that tossed to and froe,
The whirlpooles suckt down to their hosoms low ;
But on he went to search for wonders moe, 85
Through the thicke trees, there high and broad
 which grow ;
And in that forrest huge and defart wide,
The more he fought, more wonders still he spide.

23.

Where so he slept, it seem'd the joyfull ground
Renew'd the verdure of her flowrie weed ; 90
A fountaine here, a welspring there he found ;
Here bud the roses, there the lillies spread ;
The aged wood ore and about him round
Flourisht with blossomes new, new leaves, new seed,

And on the boughes and branches of those
treene, 95
The barke was softned, and renew'd the greene.

24.

The manna on each leafe did pearled lie,
The hony filled from the tender rinde.
Againe he heard that woondrous harmonie,
Of songs and sweete complaints of lovers kinde,
The humaine voices sung a triple hie,
To which respond the birdes, the streames, the
winde;
But yet unseene those nymphes, those fingers
weare,
Unseene the lutes, harps, viols which they beare.

25.

He lookte, he listned, yet his thoughts denide 105
To thinke that true which he both heard and see,
A mirtle in an ample plaine he spide,
And thither by a beaten path went hee :
The mirtle spred her mightie braunches wide,
Higher than pine, or palme, or cipresse tree ; 110
And farre above all other plants was seene,
That forrests ladie, and that desarts queene.

26.

Upon the tree his eies Rinaldo bent,
And there a marvell great and strange began ;

An aged oake beside him cleft and rent, 110

And from his fertill hollow wombe forth ran,

(Clad in rare weedes and strange habiliment)

A nymph, for age able to goe to man,

An hundreth plants beside (even in his sight)

Childed an hundreth nymphes, so great, so

dight:

120

27.

Such as on stages play, such as we see

The Dryads painted, whom wilde Satires love,

Whose armes, halfe naked; lockes untrussed bee,

With buskins laced on their legs above,

And silken robes tuckt short above their knee; 125

Such seem'd the silvan daughters of this grove,

Save that, in stead of shafts and boughes of tree,

She bore a lute, a harpe or cittern shee.

28.

And wantonly they cast them in a ring,

And sung and danst to move 'his' weaker sense, 130

Rinaldo round about environing,

As centers are with their circumference;

The tree they compast ecke, and gan to sing,

That woods and streames admir'd their excellence;

Welcome, deare lord, welcome to this sweet

grove,

135

Welcome our ladies hope, welcome her love.

29.

Thou com'st to cure our princeſſe, faint and ſicke
 For love, for love of thee, faint, ſicke, diſtreſſed ;
 Late blacke, late dreadfull was this forreſt thicke,
 Fit dwelling for ſad folke with grieve oppreſſed, 140
 See with thy coming how the branches quicke
 Revived are, and in new bloſſoms dreſſed :

This was their ſong, and after, from it went
 Firſt a ſweet ſound, and then the myrtle rent.

30.

If antique times admir'd Silenus old, 145
 That oft appeer'd ſet on his laſie aſſe,
 How would they wonder if they had behold
 Such ſightes as from the myrtle high did paſſe ?
 Thence came a ladie faire with lockes of gold,
 That like in ſhape, in face and beautie was 150
 To ſweet Armida ; Rinald thinkes he ſpies
 Her geſtures, ſmiles and glances of her eies.

31.

On him a ſad and ſmiling looke ſhe caſt,
 Which twenty paſſions ſtrange at once bewraies,
 And art thou come (quoth ſhe) return'd at laſt 155
 To her, from whom but late thou ranſt thy waies ?
 Comſt thou to comfort me for ſorrowes paſt ?
 To eaſe my widow nights, and carefull daies ?
 Or comeſt thou to worke me grieve and harme ?
 Why niſt thou ſpeake ? why not thy face diſarme ?

32.

Comst thou a friend or foe? I did not frame
That golden bridge to entertaine my foe,
Nor op'ned flowres and fountaines as you came,
To welcome him with joy that brings me woe :
Put of thy helme, rejoyce me with the flame 165
Of thy bright eies, whence first my fires did groe :
Kisse me, embrace me, if you further venter,
Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter.

33.

Thus as she woves, she rowles her ruefull eies,
With pitious looke, and changeth oft her cheare,
An hundreth sighes from her false hart upflies,
She sobbes, she mournes, it is great ruth to heare,
The hardest brest sweete pitie mollifies,
What stonie hart resists a womans teare !
But yet the knight, wise, warie, not unkind, 175
Drew forth his sword, and from her carelesse
twind.

34.

Towards the tree he marcht, she thither start,
Before him slept, embrast the plant and cride,
Ah, never do me such a spitefull part,
To cut my tree, this forrests joy and pride; 180
Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the harte.
Of thy forsaken and despis'd Armide;

For through this brest, and through this hart (un-
kind)

To this faire tree thy sword shall passage find.

35.

He list his brand, nor car'd though oft she praid,
And she her forme to other shape did change ;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreames are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roame and range :
Her bodie sweld, her face obscure was maid,
Vanisht her garments rich, and vestures strange,
A giantesse before him high she stands, 190
Like Briareus arm'd with an hundred hands :

36.

With fiftie swords, and fiftie targets bright,
She threatned death, she roared, cride and fought ;
Each other nymph in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became : he feard them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
That groand like living soules to death nie
brought ;
The skie seemed Plutoes court, the aire seemd hell,
Therein such monsters roare, such spirits yell :

37.

Lightned the heav'n above, the earth below 200
Roared aloud, that thundred, and this shooke ;

Blustred the tempests strong, the whirlwinds blow,
The bitter storme drove hailestones in his looke;
But yet his arme grew neither weake nor flow,
Nor of that furie heed or care he tooke, 205

Till low to earth, the wounded tree down ben-
ded;

Then fled the spirits all, the charmes all ended.



“ THE
PURPLE ISLAND,

OR THE
ISLE OF MAN.”

BY PHINEAS FLETCHER. *

CANT. I. STAN. I.

TH E warmer sun the golden bull outran,
And with the twins made haste to inne and play ;
Scatt’ring ten thousand flowres, he new began
To paint the world, and piece the length’ning day :
 (The world more aged by new youths accrewing)
 Ah wretched man, this wretched world pursuing,
Which still grows worse by age, and older by re-
newing !

2

The shepherd-boyes, who with the Muses dwell,
Met in the plain their May-lords new to chuse,

*Born 15 . . . ; dyed 16 . . . The above poem, under
the form of a romance, contains an anatomical description
of the human body.*

(For two they yearely chuse) to order well 10
 Their rurall sports, and yeare that next ensues :

Now were they fat, where by the orchyard walls
 The learned Chame with stealing water crawls,
 And lowly down before that royall temple falls. 15

3

Among the rout they take two gentle swains,
 Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud :
 Well could they pipe and sing ; but yet their strains
 Were onely known unto the silent wood :

Their nearest bloud from self-same fountains
 flow, 20

Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow :
 So seem'd two joyn'd in one, or one disjoyn'd in
 two.

4

Now when the shepherd-lads with common voice
 Their first consent had firmly ratifi'd,

A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice : 25
 Thirfil, (said he) though yet thy muse untri'd

Hath onely learn'd in private shades to feigne
 Soft sighs of love unto a looser strain,

Or thy poore Thelgons wrong in mournfull verse
 to plain ;

V. 13. *The river Cam, which flows by Cambridge.*

5

Yet since the shepherd-swains do all consent 30
 To make thee lord of them, and of their art,
 And that choice lad (to give a full content)
 Hath joyn'd with thee in office, as in heart ;
 Wake, wake thy long- (thy too long) sleeping
 muse,
 And thank them with a song as is the use : 35
 Such honour thus conferr'd thou mayst not well re-
 fuse.

6

Sing what thou list, be it of Cupids spite,
 (Ah lovely spite, and spitefull loveliness !)
 Or Gemma's grief, if sadder be thy sprite :
 Begin, thou loved swain, with good successe. 40
 Ah, (said the bathfull boy) such wanton toyes
 A better minde and sacred vow destroyes,
 Since in a higher love I settled all my joyes.

7

New light new love, new love new life hath bred ;
 A life that lives by love, and loves by light : 45
 A love to him, to whom all loves are wed ;
 A light, to whom the sunne is darkest night :
 Eyes light, hearts love, souls onely life he is :
 Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are
 his :
 He eye, light, heart, love, soul ; he all my joy,
 and blisse, 50

8

But if you deigne my ruder pipe to heare,
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)
These infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.
But you, O muses, by soft Chamus sitting, 55
(Your daintie songs unto his murmures fitting,
Which bears the under-song unto your chearfull
dittyng;)

9

Tell me, ye muses, what our father-ages
Have left succeding times to play upon;
What now remains unthought on by those sages,
Where a new muse may trie her piceon?
What lightning heroes, like great Peleus heir,
(Darting his beams through our hard-frozen
aire)
May stirre up gentle heat, and vertues wane re-
pair?

10

Who knows not Jason? or bold Tiphys hand, 65
That durst unite what natures self would part?
He makes isles continent, and all one land;
O're seas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:
He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and scorneth
all

Those thousand deaths wide gaping for his fall ;
He death defies, fenc't with a thin low wooden wall.

11

Who ha's not often read Troyes twice-fung fires,
And at the second time twice better fung ?
Who ha's not heard th' Arcadian shepherds quires,
Which now have gladly chang'd their native
tongue ; 75
And, sitting by slow Mincius, sport their fill,
With sweeter voice and never equall'd skill,
Chaunting their amorous layes unto a Romane quill?

12

And thou, choice wit, Loves scholar, and Loves
master,
Art known to all, where Love himself is known :
Whether thou bidd'st Ulysses hie him faster,
Or dost thy fault and distant exile moan.
Who ha's not seen upon the mourning stage
Dire Atreus feast, and wrong'd Medea's rage,
Marching in tragick state, and buskin'd equipage?

13

And now of late * th' Italian fisher-swain
Sits on the shore to watch his trembling line ;
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain,
By Nefis fair, and fairer Mergiline :

* Sannazar.

While his thinne net, upon his oars twin'd,
 With wanton strife catches the funne, and
 winde,
 Which still do slip away, and still remain behinde.

14

And that * French muses eagle eye and wing
 Hath soar'd to heav'n, and there hath learn'd the
 art
 To frame angelick strains, and canzons sing 95
 Too high and deep for every shallow heart.
 Ah blessed soul ! in those celestiall rayes,
 Which gave thee light these lower works to
 blaze,
 Thou sitt'st paradis'd, and chaunt'st eternall layes.

15.

Thrice happy wits, which in your springing May
 (Warm'd with the funne of well deserved favours)
 Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,
 Perfume the aire with your rich fragrant favours !
 Nor may, nor ever shall those honour'd flowers
 Be spoil'd by summers heat, or winters showers,
 But last when eating time shall gnaw the proudest
 towers.

* Bartas.

16

Happy, thrice happy times in silver age !
 When generous plants advanc't their lofty crest ;
 When honour stoopt to be learn'd wisdoms page ;
 When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest ; 110
 When th' highest flying muse still highest climbs ;
 And vertues rise keeps down all rising crimes.
 Happy, thrice happy age ! happy, thrice happy
 times !

17

But wretched we, to whom these iron daies
 (Hard daies) afford nor matter, nor reward ! 115
 Sings Maro ? men deride high Maro's layes ;
 Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is
 barr'd :
 Sings Linus, or his father, as he uses,
 Our Midas cares their well tun'd verse refuses ;
 What cares an asse for arts ? he brayes at sacred
 muses. 190

18

But if fond Bavius vent his clowted song,
 Or Mævius chaunt his thoughts in brothell charm,
 The witless vulgar, in a numerous throng,
 Like summer flies about their dunghills swarm :
 They sneer, they grinne. *Like to his like will*

move.

19,

Yet never let them greater mischief prove
Then this, *Who hates not one, may be the other love.*

19

Witnesse our * Colin; whom though all the graces,
And all the muses nurst; whose well taught song
Parnassus self, and Glorian embraces, 200
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd; poorly (poore man)
he di'd.

20

And had not that great Hart (whose honour'd head
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy wofull plight,
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor grac't with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe † shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall
stink; 90
And time his blacker name shall blurre with black-
est ink.

21

O let th' iambick muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade: 95

* Spencer. † Cecil, lord Burleigh.

On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
Ob may that man that bath the muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muse adorn'd !

22

Oft therefore have I chid my tender muse ;
 Oft my chill breast beats off her fluttering wing : 100
 Yet when new spring her gentle rayes infuse,
 All storms are laid, I 'gin to chirp and sing :
 At length soft fires, disperst in every vein,
 Yeeld open passage to the thronging train,
 And swelling numbers tide rolls like the surging
 main. 105

23

So where fair Thames, and crooked Isis sonne
 Payes tribute to his king, the mantling stream
 Encounter'd by the tides (now rushing on
 With equall force) of's way doth doubtfull seem ;
 Atlength the full-grown sea, and waters king 110
 Chide the bold waves with hollow murmuring ;
 Back flie the streams to shroud them in their mother
 spring.

24

Yet thou, sweet numerous muse, why should'st thou
 droop
 That every vulgar eare thy musick scornes ?
 Nor can they rise, nor thou so low canst stoop ; 115
 No seed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.

When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing
 With thy stoln plumes, their notes through th'
 ayer fling;
 Oh shame! they howl and croke, while fond they
 strain to sing.

25

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy nest; 120
 (Farre be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praise)
 Enough, if kings enthrone thee in their breast,
 And crown their golden crowns with higher baies:
 Enough that those who weare the crown of kings
 (Great Israels princes) strike thy sweetest strings:
 Heav'ns dove, when high'st he flies, flies with thy
 heav'nly wings.

26

Let others trust the seas, dare death and hell,
 Search either Inde, vaunt of their scarres and wounds;
 Let others their deare breath (nay silence) sell
 To fools, and (swoln, not rich) stretch out their
 bounds 130

By spoiling those that live, and wronging dead;
 That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
 In soft, but sleepleffe down; in rich, but restleffe bed.

27

Oh let them in their gold quaffe dropfies down;
 Oh let them surfets feast in silver bright: 135

While sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
 And bribes of fauce corrupt false appetite,
 His masters rest, health, heart, life, soul to sell.
 Thus plentie, fulnesse, sicknesse, ring their knell :
 Death weds and beds them ; first in grave, and then
 in hell. 140

28

But (ah !) let me under some Kentish hill
 Neare rowling Medway 'mong my shepherd peers,
 With feareleffe merrie-make, and piping still,
 Securely passe my few and slow-pac'd yeares :
 While yet the great Augustus of our nation 145
 Shuts up old Janus in this long cessation,
 Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure
 vacation.

29

There may I, master of a little flock,
 Feed my poore lambes, and often change their fare :
 My lovely mate shall tend my sparing flock, 150
 And nurse my little ones with pleasing care ;
 Whose love and look shall speak their father plain.
 Health be my feast, heav'n hope, content my gain.
 So in my little house my lesser heart shall reigne.

30

The beech shall yeeld a cool safe canopie, 155
 While down I sit, and chaunt to th' echoing wood :

Ah finging might I live, and finging die !
So by fair Thames, or silver Medwayes floud,
The dying swan, when yeares her temples pierce,
In musick strains breathes out her life and verse ;
And chaunting her own dirge tides on her watry
herse.

31

What shall I then need seek a patron out,
Or begge a favour from a mistris eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout,
Or shine upon me with her geminies ? 165
What care I, if they praise my slender song ?
Or reck I, if they do me right, or wrong ?
A shepherds blisse nor stands nor falls to ev'ry tongue.

32

Great prince of shepherds, then thy heav'ns more
high,
Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there ; 170
Who taught'st our death to live, thy life to die ;
Who when we broke thy bonds, our bonds would'st
bear ;
Who reigned'st in thy heav'n, yet felt'st our hell ;
Who (god) bought'st man, whom man (though
god) did sell ;
Who in our flesh, our graves, (and worse) our
hearts would'st dwell : 175

33.

Great prince of shepherds, thou who late didst deigne
To lodge thyself within this wretched breast,
(Most wretched breast such guest to entertain,
Yet oh most happy lodge in such a guest !)

Thou first and last, inspire thy sacred skill ; 180

Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artlesse quill :
So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.



“ GONDIBERT.

AN HEROIC POEM.”

BY SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.*

THE SECOND BOOK.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The duke's wish'd health in doubtfull wounds assur'd,
Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:
Nature in Birtha art's weak help deride,
Which strives to mend what it at best but hides,
Shows nature's courser works, so hid, more course,
As sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, grows worse.*

I.

LET none our Lombard authour rudely blame,
Who from the story has thus long digrest ;
But for his righteous pains, may his fair fame
For ever travel, whilst his ashes rest.

* Born 1605 ; dyed 1668.

2.

Ill could he leave Art's shop of Nature's store, 5
Where she the hidden soul would make more
known;
Though common faith seeks souls, which is no more
Than long opinion to religion grown.

3.

A while then let this sage historian stay
With Astragon, till he new wounds reveals, 10
And such (though now the old are worn away)
As balm, nor juice of Pyrol, never heals.

4.

To Astragon heav'n for succession gave
One onely pledge, and Birtha was her name ;
Whose mother slept, where flowers grew on her
grave, 15
And she succeeded her in face, and fame.

5.

Her beauty, princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam ;
And her minds beauty they would rather chuse,
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem.

6.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts would have un-
done,
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart,

Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

7.

She never had in busie cities bin, 25
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with
fears;

Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin,
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

8.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant bus'ness fill'd the hours;
In spring she gather'd blossoms for the still,
In autumn berries, and in summer flow'rs.

9.

And as kind Nature with calm diligence
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispen-
So were her virtues busie without noise.

10.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busie household waits no less on her:
By secret law each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer. 40

11.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
 With morning looks; and they, when she does
 rise,
 Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
 And droop like flow'rs, when Evening shuts her
 eyes.

12.

The footy chymist (who his sight does waste, 45
 Attending lesser fires) she passing by,
 Broke his lov'd lymbick, through enamour'd haste,
 And let, like common dew, th' elixar flie.

13.

And here the grey philosophers resort,
 Who all to her, like crafty courtiers, bow, 50
 Hoping for secrets now in Nature's court,
 Which onely she (her fav'rite maid) can know.

14.

These, as the lords of science, she respects,
 And with familiar beams their age she chears,
 Yet all those civil forms seem but neglects, 55
 To what she shews when Astragon appears,

15.

For as she once from him her being took,
 She hourly takes her law, reads with swift sight
 His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
 And shews, by haste, obedience her delight. 60

16.

She makes (when she at distance to him bows)
His int'rest in her mother's beauty known,
For that's th' orig'nal whence her copy grows,
And near orig'nals copies are not shown.

17.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear 65
Of flow'rs, which she in mystlick order ties,
And with the sacrifice of many a tear
Salutes her loyal mother in her eyes.

18.

The just historians Birtha thus exprefs,
And tell how, by her syres example taught, 70
She serv'd the wounded duke in life's distrefs,
And his fled spirits back by cordials brought.

19.

Black melancholy mists, that fed despair
Through wounds long rage, with sprinkled ver-
 vin cleer'd,
Strew'd leaves of willow to refresh the air, 75
And with rich fumes his fullen senses cheer'd.

20.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him en-
 dures,

For Love makes Birtha shift with Death his dart,
And she kills faster than her father cures. 80

21.

Her heedless innocence as little knew
The wounds she gave as those from Love she
took;
And Love lifts high each secret shaft he drew,
Which at their stars he first in triumph shook.

22.

Love he had lik'd, but never lodg'd before; 85
But finds him now a bold unquiet guest;
Who climbs to windows, when we shut the door,
And enter'd, never lets the master rest.

23.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this reveller with shame; 90
She not the robber knows, yet feels the stealth,
And never but in songs had heard his name.

24.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts
Which country lovers wear in bleeding seals,
Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such
darts, 95
As make those wounds that onely Hymen heals.

25.

And this her ancient maid, with sharp complaints,
 Heard and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd
 head,
 With tears ' besought' her not to jest at saints,
 Nor mock those martyrs Love had captive led.

26.

Nor think the pious poets ere would waste
 So many tears in ink, to make maids mourn,
 If injur'd lovers had in ages past
 The lucky mirtle more than willow worn.

27.

This grave rebuke officious memory 105
 Presents to Birtha's thought; who now believ'd
 Such sighing songs as tell why lovers die,
 And prais'd their faith who wept when poets
 griev'd.

28.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
 To take her heart aside in secret shade; 110
 But knocking at her breast, it seem'd or gone,
 Or by confed'racie was usefess made;

29.

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
 One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,

As his behaviour shews him not at home, 115
Nor the guide sober that him thither brought.

30.

Yet with this forreign heart, she does begin
To treat of love, her most unstudy'd theme;
And, like young conscienc'd casuists, thinks that
fin
Which will by talk and practise lawfull seem.

31.

With open ears, and ever-waking eyes,
And flying feet, love's fire she from the sight
Of all her maids does carry as from spies;
Jealous, that what burns her might give them
light.

32.

Beneath a mirtle covert now does spend, 125
In maids weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;
Fond maids ! who love with minds fine stuff would
mend,
Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

33.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels kind,
Such as in holy story were employ'd 130
To the first fathers from th' eternal mind,
And in short vision only are enjoy'd.

34.

As eagles then, when nearest heav'n they flie,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow ;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high, 135
And therefore pearch on earthly things below :

35.

So now she yields ; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear ;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear. 140

36.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith ; and then loves fire
To heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

37.

If I do love, said she, that love, O heav'n ! 145
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me ;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to shew effects which you decree ?

38.

And you, my alter'd mother (grown above
Great nature, which you read and rev'renc'd here)
Chide not such kindness as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were.

39.

This said, her soul into her breast retires :

With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires, 155
And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

40.

Already thinks the duke, her own spous'd lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battel brought,
Where all false lovers perish'd by his sword,
The true to her for his protection sought. 160

41.

She thinks how her imagin'd spouse and she,
So much from heav'n may by her virtues
gain,
That they by Time shall ne'r. oretaken be,
No more than Time himself is overta'ne.

42.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass, 165
Heav'ns favour may repay their summers gone,
And he so mix their sand in a flow glafs.
That they shall live, and not as two, but one.

43.

She thinks of Eden-life ; and no rough wind,
In their pacifique sea shall wrinkles make ; 170

That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

44.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway,
(The youthfull warriors most excus'd disease)
Such chance her tears shall calm, as showres allay
The accidental rage of winds and seas.

45.

She thinks that babes proceed from mingling eyes,
Or heav'n from neighbourhood increase allows,
As palm and the mamora fructifies
Or they are got by clofs exchanging vows. 180

46.

But come they (as she hears) from mothers pain;
(Which, by th' unlucky first-maids longing,
proves
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain,
So they be like this heav'nly man she loves.

47.

Thus to her self in day-dreams Birtha talks: 185
The duke (whose wounds of war are healthfull
grown)
To cure love's wounds, seeks Birtha where she
walks;
Whose wandering soul seeks him to cure her own.

48.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,
Shame (which in maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wish nights help to make more shade
That love (which maids think guilt) might not
appear.

49.

And she had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd and conquer'd enemy,
That he did seem offenceless as her shame; 195
As if he but advanc'd for leave to flee.

50.

First with a longing sea-mans look he gaz'd,
Who would ken land, when seas would him de-
vour;
Or like a fearfull scout, who stands amaz'd
To view the foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

51.

Then all 'the' knowledge which her father had
He dreams in her, through purer organs wrought
Whose soul (since there more delicately clad)
By lesser weight more active was in thought.

52.

And to that soul thus spake, with trembling voice,
The world will be (O thou, the whole world's
maid !)

Since now 'tis old enough to make wife choice,
 Taught by thy mind, and by thy beauty sway'd.

53.

And I a needless part of it, unless
 You'd think me for the whole a delegate, 210
 To treat, for what they want of your excess,
 Virtue to serve the universal state.

54.

Nature, our first example, and our queen,
 Whose court this is, and you her minion maid,
 The world thinks now, is in her sickness seen, 215
 And that her noble influence is decay'd.

55.

And the records so worn of her first law,
 That men, with art's hard shifts, read what is
 good ;
 Because your beautie many never saw,
 The text by which your mind is understood. 220

56.

And I with the apostate world should grow
 From sov'reign Nature a revolted slave,
 But that my luckie wounds brought me to know,
 How with their cure my sicker mind to save.

57.

A mind still dwelling idly in mine eyes, 225
Where it from outward pomp could ne'r abstain
But even in beautie cost of courts did prise,
And nature, unassisted, thought too plain.

58.

Yet, by your beautie now reform'd, I find
All other onely currant by false light; 230
Or but vain visions of a feav'rish mind,
Too slight to stand the test of waking fight.

59.

And for my healthfull mind (diseas'd before)
My love I pay; a gift you may disdain.
Since love to you men give not, but restore; 235
As rivers to the sea restore the rain.

60.

Yet eastern kings, who all by birth possess,
Take gifts, as gifts, from vassals of the crown;
So think in love, your propertie not less,
By my kind giving what was first your own. 240

61.

Lifted with love, thus he, with lovers grace,
And love's wild wonder, spake; and he was
rais'd

So much with reverence of this learned place,
That still he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

62.

And she, in love unpractis'd and unread, 245
(But for some hints her mistress, Nature, taught)
Had it, till now, like grief with silence fed;
For love and grief are nourish'd best with thought.

63.

But this close diet Love endures not long,
He must in sighs, or speech, take air abroad;
And thus, with his interpreter, her tongue,
He ventures forth, though like a stranger aw'd.

64.

She said, those virtues now she highly needs,
Which he so powerfully does in her praise,
To check (since vanitie on praises 'feeds') 255
That pride, which his authentick words may raise.

65.

That if her pray'rs, or care, did ought restore
Of absent health, in his bemoan'd distress,
She beg'd he would approve her duty more,
And so commend her feeble virtue less; 260

66.

That she, the payment he of love would make,
Less understood, than yet the debt she knew;

But coyns unknown suspitiously we take,
And debts, till manifest, are never due.

67.

With bashfull looks befought him to retire, 265
Lest the sharp ayr should his new health invade;
And as she spake, she saw her reverend syre
Approach to seek her in her usual shade.

68.

To whom with filial homage she does bow;
The duke did first at distant duty stand, 270
But soon imbrac'd his knees; whilst he more low
Does bend to him, and then reach'd Birtha's hand.

69.

Her face, o'recast with thought, does soon betray
Th' assembled spirits, which his eies detect
By her pale look, as by the milkie way 275
Men first did the assembled stars suspect.

70.

Or as a pris'ner, that in prison pines,
Still at the utmost window grieving lies;
Even so her soul, imprison'd, sadly shines,
As if it watch'd for freedom at her eys. 280

71.

This guides him to her pulse, th' alarum bell,
Which waits the insurrections of desire,

And rings so fast, as if the cittadell,
Her newly conquer'd breast, were all one fire.

72.

Then on the duke he casts a short survey, 285
Whose veins his temples with deep purple
grace;

Then love's dispair gives them a pale allay,
And shifts the whole complexion of his face.

73.

Nature's wife spie does outward with them walk,
And finds each in the midst of thinking starts;
Breath'd short, and swiftly in 'disorder'd' talk,
To cool, beneath love's torrid zone, their hearts.

74.

When all these symptones he observ'd, he knows
From alga, which is rooted deep in seas,
To the high cedar that on mountains grows, 295
No sov'raign hearb is found for their disease.

75.

He would not Nature's eldest law resist,
As if wife Nature's law could be impure;
But Birtha with indulgent looks dismiss,
And means to counsel what he cannot cure.

76.

With mourning Gondibert he walks apart,
 To watch his passions force, who seems to bear
 By silent grief two tyrants ore his heart,
 Great Love, and his inferiour tyrant Fear.

77.

But Astragon such kind inquiries made, 305
 Of all which to his art's wife cares belong,
 As his sick silence he does now dissuade,
 And midst love's fears, give courage to his tongue.

78.

Then thus he spake with love's humilitie :
 Have pitie, father ! and since first so kind, 310
 You would not let this worthless bodie die,
 Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my mind.

79.

A mind so lately luckie, as it here
 Has virtue's mirrour found, which does reflect
 Such blemishes as custom made it wear, 315
 But more authentick nature does detect.

80.

A mind long sick of monarchs vain disease ;
 Not to be fill'd, because with glorie fed ;
 So busie it condemn'd even war of ease,
 And for their useles rest despis'd the dead. 320

81.

But since it here has virtue quiet found,
It thinks (though storms were wish'd by it before)
All sick at least at sea, that scape undrown'd,
Whom glory serves as wind to leave the shore.

82.

All virtue is to yours but fashion now, 325
Religion art ; internals are all gone,
Or outward turn'd to fatisfie with show,
Not god, but his inferiour eye, the fun.

83.

And yet, though Virtue be as fashion sought,
And now Religion rules by Art's prais'd skill ;
Fashion is Virtue's mimick, falsly taught,
And Art but Nature's ape, which plays her ill.

84.

To this blest house (great Nature's court) all courts
Compar'd are but dark closets for retreat
Of private minds, battels but childrens sports ; 335
And onely simple good is solid great.

85.

Let not the mind, thus freed from errour's night,
(Since you repriev'd my body from the grave)
Perish for being now in love with light,
But let your virtue's lover save. 340

86.

Birthe I love ; and who loves wisely so,
Steps far tow'rd's all which virtue can attain ;
But if we perish, when tow'rd's heav'n we go,
Then have I learnt that virtue is in vain.

87.

And now his heart (extracted through his eyes
In love's elixar, tears) does soon subdue
Old Astragon, whose pitie, though made wise
With love's false essences, likes these as true.

88.

The duke he to a secret bowr does lead,
Where he his youths first storie may attend ;
To guesse, ere he will let his love proceed,
By such a dawning, how his day will end.

89.

For Virtue, though a rarely planted flow'r,
Was in the seed now by this florist known,
Who could foretel, even in [the] springing hour,
What colours she shall wear when fully blown.



"PARADISE LOST.

A

POEM

WRITTEN IN

TEN BOOKS.

BY JOHN MILTON."*

BOOK I.

OF mans first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal tast
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing heav'nly muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos : or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd

* See Volume I. page 32. This poem, after its original publication in ten books, was enlarged by the author, and printed, as we now have it, in twelve, 1674. The first book, however, appears to have received no alteration.

Fast by the oracle of god ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert th' eternal providence, 25
And justify the wayes of god to men.

Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents in that happy state,
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
From their creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt ?
Th' infernal serpent ; he it was, whose guile
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
The mother of mankinde, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most high, 40

If he oppos'd ; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of god
Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal skie 45
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durst defie th' omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery gulfe
Confounded though immortal : but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :
At once as far as angels kenn he views
The dismal situation waste and wilde, 60
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all ; but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd :
 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd 70
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from god and light of heav'n
 As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80
 Bëelzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,
 And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he ; but O how fall'n ! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy realms of light 25
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
 Myriads though bright ! if he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd 90
 In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest
 From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger provd
 He with his thunder : and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms ? yet not for those
 Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95

Can else inflict do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre ; that fixt mind
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost,
All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield :
And what is else not to be overcome ?
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power
Who from the terrour of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath 115
This downfall ; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage, by force or guile eternal warr
Irreconcilable, to our grand foe,

Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.

So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare :
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattelld seraphim to warr
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heav'ns perpetual king ;
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conquerour (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Then such could have orepow'rd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls

By right of warr, what e're his business be 150
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep ;
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment ? 155
 Whereto with speedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n cherube, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering : but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil ;
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see the angry victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
 Back to the gates of heav'n : the sulphurous hail
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wilde, 189
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190
If not what resolution from despare.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briarios or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which god of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream;
Him haply slumbring on the Norway foam

The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
So stretcht out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might,
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
On man by him seduc't, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and
rowld

In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wing, he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230

Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoak : such resting found the
sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have escap't the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost arch angel, this the seat
That we must change for heav'n, this mournful
gloom

For that celestial light ? Be it so, since hee
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right : fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells : hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor : one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self,
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,

And what I should be, all but less than hee
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lye thus astonisht on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell? 270

So Satan spake, and him Bëelzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous
shield

Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 'Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
 He walkt with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On heavens azure, and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire;
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea, he stood and call'd
 His legions, angel forms, who lay intrans't 309
 'Thick as autumnal leaves, that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex't the red-sea coast, whose waves ore-
 threw
 Busris and his Memphian chivalrie,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carkases 319
 And broken, chariot wheels, so thick bestrown

Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flowr of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and seraph rowling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulfe.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they
sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their generals voyce they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod

Of Amrams son in Egypts evill day
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That ore the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile :
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain ;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither hast were stood
Their great commander ; godlike shapes and
forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that earst in heaven sat on thrones ;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By thir rebellion, from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wandering ore the earth,

Through gods high sufferance for the tryal of
man,

By falsties and lyes the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him, that made them, to transform 37●

Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities :
'Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who
last,

Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperors call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof. 38●

The chief were those who from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of god,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim ; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary it self their shrines,
Abominations ; and with curst things
His holy rites, and solemn feasts profan'd, 39●
And with their darkness durst affront his light.

First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noyse of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that past through
fire

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of god
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant vally of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moabs sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim: in Hesebon
And Heronaim, Seons realm, beyond
The flowry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleale, to th' Asphaltick pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
'To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove 415
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.

With these came they, who from the bordering
flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420

Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names

Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,

These feminine. For spirits when they please

Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft

And uncompounded is their essence pure,

Not ti'd or manac'd with joynt or limb,

Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,

Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape they
choose

Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,

Can execute their aeric purposes, 430

And works of love or enmity fulfill.

For those the race of Israel oft forsook

Their living strength, and unfrequented left

His righteous altar, bowing lowly down

To bestial gods ; for which their heads as low 435

Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear

Of despicable foes. With these in troop

Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd

Astarte, queen of heav'n, with creseent horns ;

To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440

Bidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,

In Sion, also not unsung, where stood

Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built

By that uxurious king, whose heart though large.

Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summers day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sions daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led 455
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshipers ;
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
And downward fish : yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertil banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of god was bold: 470
A leper once he lost and gain'd a king,

Ahaz his sottish conquerour, whom he drew
Gods altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
A crew who under names of old renown,
Ofiris, Isis, Orus, and their train
With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
Thir wandering gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
Th' infection when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb : and the rebel king
Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
Lik'ning his maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, then whom a spirit more lewd 490
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoak'd ; yet who more oft then hee
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Ely's sons, who fill'd 495
With lust and violence the house of god.
In courts and palaces he also reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noyse

Of riot ascends above thir loftiest towrs,
 And injury and outrage : and when night 500
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

* * * * *

These were the prime in order and in might ;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
 Th' Ionian gods, of Javans issue held
 Gods, yet confess later then Heav'n and Earth
 Thir boasted parents ; Titan Heav'ns first born 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
 By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove
 His own and Rhea's son like measure found ;
 So Jove usurping reign'd : these first in Creet
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air
 Thir highest heav'n ; or on the Delphian cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land ; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520
 And ore the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
 All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir
 chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss it self ; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue : but he'll wonted pride

Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreard
His mighty standard ; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherube tall :
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurld 535
Th' imperial ensign, which full high adyanc't
Shon like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gemms and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies : all the while
Sonerous mettal blowing martial sounds : 540
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore hells concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545
With orient colours waving : with them rose
A Forrest huge of spears : and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ferried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper hero's old
Arming to battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd

With dread of death to flight or foul retreat, 555
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565
Awaiting what command thir mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, thir order due,
Thir visages and stature as of gods, 570
Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
Glories: for never since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry 575
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were joyn'd
That fought at Theb's and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uthers son 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;

And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebifond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore 585
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Thir dread commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
Stood like a towr; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than arch angel ruind, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new ris'n
Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
Above them all th' arch angel: but his face 600
Deep scars of thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and confiderate pride.
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in blifs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc't

Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
Thir glory witherd. As when heavens fire
Had scath'd the forrest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615
To speak; whereat their doubl'd ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits, o powers
Matchless, but with th' almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change 625
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet beleieve, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall faile to reascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat.
For me, be witness all the host of heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns ~

Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custome, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our
own,

So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't; our better part remains 645
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Cælestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyſſe
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission? Warr then, warr
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs

Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms,
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far whose griesly top 670
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigad hasten'd. As when bands 675
Of pioners with spade and pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and
thoughts 680

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trod'n gold,
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifl'd the bowels of thir mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the hill a spacious wound
And dig'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690

That riches grow in hell ; that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how thir greatest monuments of fame, 695
And strength and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massie ore,
Severing each kinde, and scum'd the bullion
drofs ;

A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
A various mould, and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breaths.
Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge 710
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave ; nor did there want 715
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures grav'n,

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babilon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis thir gods, or feat 720
Thir kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth 725
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by futtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
With naphtha and asphaltus yeilded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude. 730
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towred structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme king 735
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchie, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
From heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o're the chrystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,

A summers day ; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745
On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,
Erring ; for he with his rebellious rout
Fell long before ; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heav'n high towrs ; nor did he
 scape

By all his engins, but was headlong sent 750
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged haralds by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets found throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers : thir summons cali'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest ; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended : all access was throng'd, the gates 760
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions
 bold

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the foldan chair
Def'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance) 765
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brasht with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees

In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Poure forth thir populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of thir straw-built cittadel,
New rub'd with baume, expatiate and confer
Thir state affairs. So thick the aerie crowd 775
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earths giant sons
Now less then smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like the Pigmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount, or faerie elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a Forrest side
Or fountein some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and
dance
Intent, with jocond music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in thir own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim

MILTON.] E X T R A C T S. 157

In close recess and secret conclave sat, 795
A thousand demy-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.



“ HUDIBRAS,
IN THREE PARTS,
WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF
THE LATE WARS.”

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, ESQ.*

THE THIRD PART.

THE ARGUMENT OF
THE THIRD CANTO.

*The knight and squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' incanted bow'r by night :
He plods to turn his amorous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute :
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprize ;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.*

CANTO III.

W H O would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,

* See Vol. I. page 54. The first part of this poem, the chief design whereof is a satire “ against those incendiaries of church and state, who, in the late rebellion, under pretence

That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
 Equivocally, without seed,
 And have no possible foundation, 5
 But meerly in th' imagination ;
 And yet can do more dreadful feats
 Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
 Than all their nurseries of elves ? 10
 For fear does things so like a witch,
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which ;
 Sets up communities of senses,
 To chop and change intelligences ;
 As Rosicrucian virtuoso's 15
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;
 And when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by fear ;
 That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
 And hag themselves with apparitions ; 20
 And when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best :
 Do things, not contrary, alone,
 To th' course of nature, but its own ;
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25
 And turn pultroons as valiant :
 For men as resolute appear
 With too much, as too little fear ;

*of religion, murder'd the best of kings, to introduce the worst
 of governments," was published in 1663; the second in
 the following year; the third in 1678.*

And when they're out of hopes of flying
 Will run away from death by dying : 30
 Or turn again to stand it out ;
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.

* * * *

The knight, who now began to find
 Th' had left the enemy behind,
 And saw no farther harm remain, 165
 But feeble weariness and pain ;
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
 Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day ;
 And by declining of the road,
 They had, by chance, their rere made good ; 170
 He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
 That parting's wont to rant and tear,
 And give the desperat'st attack
 To danger still behind its back.
 For, having paus'd to recollect, 175
 And on his past success reflect,
 T' examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, he came to fly,
 And when no devil had appear'd,
 What else, it could be said, he fear'd ; 180

V. 164. He has been rescued by Ralpho, his squire, from the widow's house, where he had suffered a severe drubbing and a terrible fright, from a crew of factitious demons.

It put him in so fierce a rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage ;
 Tofs'd like a foot-ball back again
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardise, 185
 That made me from this leaguer rise ;
 And when I had half reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base.
 Was better cover'd by the new
 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew : 190
 To slight my new acquests, and run
 Victoriously, from battles won,
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost.
 To make me put myself to flight, 195
 And, conqu'ring, run away by night ;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do.
 To mount me in the dark by force,
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage ;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might th' unequal fight renew :
 And, to preserve thy outward man 205
 Assum'd my place and led the van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true
Not to preserve myself, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210
To mount two wheel'd carroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse :
Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers :
Who, though th' attempts had prov'd in vain, 215
Had had no reason to complain ;
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ranfome ;
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons. 220
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled, and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which, though as des'prate in th' attempt, 225
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again : 230
No martial project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice ;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.

BUTLER.] E X T R A C T S. 163

Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235

Are fit for nothing now but rest;

And for a-while will not be able

To rally, and prove serviceable.

And therefore I, with reason, chose

This stratagem, t' amuse our foes; 240

To make an honourable retreat,

And wave a total sure defeat :

For those that fly may fight again,

Which he can never do that's slain.

Hence timely running's no mean part 245

Of conduct, in the martial art ;

By which some glorious feats atchieve,

As citizens, by breaking, thrive ;

And cannons conquer armies, while

They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250

Is held the gallantest course, and bravest,

To great exploits, as well as safest ;

That spares th' expence of time and pains,

And dangerous beating out of brains :

And in the end prevails as certain 255

As those that never trust to fortune :

But make their fear do execution

Beyond the stoutest resolution ;

As earthquakes kill without a blow,

And, only trembling, overthrow. 260

If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or fight indanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done :
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all ;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazets ;
And when, for furious haste to run, 275
'They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have don't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome :
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame, 280
Disperse the news, the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works, and with bells ;
And though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te deum* ;
Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
By flattering heaven with a lie ;
And for their beating, giving thanks,
Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;

For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ; 290
And when the flight becomes a chace,
Those win the day, that win the race ;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights ;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
With Burdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and *aqua-vitæ* ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum ; 300
Whom the uncontroul'd decrees of fate
To victory necessitate ;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return ;
Or else their sultan populaces 305
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day ; 310
Although the rabble founc'd them for't,
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politick by far,

But not so resolute, and bold, 315
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh^a at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle ;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' the expedition ; 320
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out :
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way ;
To give defiance to their teeth, 325
And fight their stubborn guts to death ;
And those atchieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other stomachs down,
There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine ; 330
And feats of arms, to plot, design,
Surprize, and stratagem, and mine :
But have no need, nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage :
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rere ;
And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance, 340
To pick out ground to incamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,

That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors ;
Where both from side to side may skip, 345
And only encounter at bo-peep :
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted ;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs ; 350
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold ?
But who bears hunger best, and cold ?
And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355
Who longest can hold out at starving :
And he that routs most pigs and cows
The formidablest man of prowess.
So th' emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360
'Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;
Engag'd his legions in fierce buffles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles ;
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365
'To charge whole regiments of scallops ;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal carr :

But when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely eat his captives up ; 370
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I cou'd add,
 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse, 375
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course ;
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her :
 Though some have done it in romances,
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies ; 380
 As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones :
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
 By courting of her back and side.
 But since those times and feats are over, 385
 They are not for a modern lover ;
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
 By such addresses to be gain'd :
 And if they were, would have it out,
 With many another kind of bout. 390
 'Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
 As this of force to win the Jezebel ;

*V. 383.] "This account is not literally true of Rinaldo."
 —He is the Achilles of Tasso's Jerusalem delivered ; and,
 after killing Armidas champions, follows and reconciles
 himself to her. It is Tancred, who, in the same work,
 actually fights with, and kills his mistress.*

To storm her heart, by th' antick charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms ;
 But rather strive by law to win her, 395
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear, you have her word,
 And me to witness the accord ;
 Besides two more of her retinue
 To testify what pass'd between you ; 400
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd ;
 And bills upon record been found, 405
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the bus'ness you look after :
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war, 410
 In which the law does execution,
 With less disorder and confusion :
 Has more of honour in't, some hold,
 Not like the new way, but the old ;
 When those the pen had drawn together, 415
 Decided quarrels with the feather,
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 And more than bullets now of lead :
 So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420

That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures :
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms ;

And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight, 425
Determines which is wrong or right :

For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close :
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun

What you must trust to, e're y' have done. 430

The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo ;
That makes the most perfidious lover
A lady, that's as false, recover :

And if it judge upon your side, 435

Will soon extend her for your bride :
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages ; 440
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,

In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans ;

They never manage the contest 445

T' impair their publick interest ;
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession :

Not like us brethren, who divide
Our common-wealth, the cause, and side ; 450
And though w' are all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward ;
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle ;
While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
Than to argue at their own expence,
But make their best advantages
Of others quarrels, like the Swifs :
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses ; 460
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages, 465
With sundry learned clerks, and sages ;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit ;
Th' have no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemicks controvert : 470
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound :
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians ;
The Galenist, and Paracelsian, 475
Condemn the way each other deals in :

Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes : 480
And heralds sly, who got who,
So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation,
T' expose their trade to disputation ;
Or make the busy rabble judges 485
Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats ; 490
When in all other sciences
They swarm, like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law.
Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
An answer to a declaration ?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools :
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies ; 500
They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.

The knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505
To edify, by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiary's constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse) 510
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise :
And after stubborn contradiction,
'To counterfeit his own conviction,
And by transition, fall upon 515
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol, thou advicest,
Is, of all others, the unwisest ;
For if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier, nor vainer. 520
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expence ;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit, and title to her favours :
And if she shou'd, which heav'n forbid, 525
O'erthrow me, as the fidler did ;
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake ?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
Is sillier than a sottish chowse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,

Applies himself to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods agen ;
When all he can expect to gain, 535
Is but to squander more in vain :
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain ; by fair means, worse : 540
But worst of all, to give her over,
'Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until th' are never to be won.
But since I have no other course, 545
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse ;
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still ;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known : 550
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue :
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.
For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555
By times enough, of his intent ;
And knowing, he that first complains,
'Th' advantage of the business gains :
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand ; 560

Who what he pleases may aver,
The other, nothing 'till he swear :
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place :
And for his bringing custom in, 565
Has all advantages to win.
I, who resolve, to oversee
No lucky opportunity ;
Will go to council, to advise,
Which way t' encounter, or surprize. 570
And after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion ;
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor, and justice too :
And, truly, so, no doubt, he was, 575
A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *biccus doctius* play'd in all ; 580
Where, in all governments and times,
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining :
To many a whore gave priviledge, 585
And whipp'd, for want of quarteridge ;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent :

And many a trusty pimp, and croney
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money : 590
 Engag'd the constable to seize
 All those that would not break the peace ;
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
 And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
 For being sober at ill hours ;
 That in the morning he might free,
 Or bind 'em over for his fee.
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise, in their ways ; 600
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
 With th' headborough, and scavenger ;
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
 For taking up the publick ground :
 The kennel, and the king's highway, 605
 For being unmolested, pay ;
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
 And cage, to those that gave him most ;
 Impos'd a tax on bakers ears,
 And, for false weights, on chandelers ; 610
 Made victuallers, and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine.
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend :
 As residentiary bawds, 615
 And brokers, that receive stol'n goods ;

That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church duties, and his fees :
But was implacable, and aukward,
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man, the knight repairs
For counsel, in his law-affairs ;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew,
Like nest eggs to make clients lay, 625
And for his false opinion pay :
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case :
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteously strain'd ; 630
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd.—Very well.
And now he brags t' have beaten me. 635
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where-e'er he meets me.—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken's oath
That I robb'd him.—Well done, in troth. 640
When h' has confess't, he stole my cloak;
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again.—Marry hang him.

Now whether I should before-hand 645
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah whorson.
Or if 'tis better to indite ;
And bring him to his trial?—Right. 650
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Of whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on't ;
Who putting in a new cross-bill, 655
May traverse th' action?—Better still.
Then there's a lady too—I marry.
That's easily prov'd accessary ;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.—Good lord !
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;
Who put m' into a horrid fear, 665
Fear of my life.—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body.—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night: 670
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle.—Worse and worse.

And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye, 675
You have as good, and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame,
The proudest man alive to claim.

For if th' have us'd you, as you say,
Marry, quoth I, god give you joy; 680

I wou'd it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe;
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;
For matrimony, and hanging here, 685

Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As *cross I win*, and *pile you lose*;
And if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance, 690

As upon any case I've known,
But we that practice dare not own:
The law severely contrabands,
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears 695

Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which, some do the summer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault. 700

But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state :
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath, that is, in plain terms, 705
To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you (quoth the knight) for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—,)
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710
Like Charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a slight,
Convey men's interest, and right,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715
As easily as Hocus Pocus :
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *biccius doctius*.
Then whether you wou'd take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife, 720
Or be content, with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon :
And you can want no witnesses, 725
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their meer expences
By th' labour of their consciences ;

Or letting out to hire, their ears
To affidavit-customers : 730
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jury-men, or *tales*,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
Of trustees, and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone ; 735
W' have store of such, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd, by our teachers.
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages, 740
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch ;
And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.

In th' int'rim, spare for no trepans 745
To draw her neck into the banes :
Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle, and surprize
Her heedless answers, and replies ; 750

And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs ;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand ;
Or find void places in the paper 755
To steal in something to intrap her ;

Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spight of her heart, she has indow'd ye :
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temples, under trees ; 760
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
About the cros-legg'd knights, their hosts ;
Or wait for customers, between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn :
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and cloaths,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the gospel, and their souls. 770
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill 775
To wind, and manage it at will ;
To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws ;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces, 780
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee ;
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice ;

To bait a letter, as you bid.

As not long after, thus he did :

For having pump'd up all his wit,

And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.



**" THE
COMPLAINT "**

BY EDWARD YOUNG, D. D. *

" NIGHT THE FIRST.

**ON
LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.**

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, ESQ.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

TIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear. 5
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake : how happy they who wake no more !
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,

** Born 1681 ; dyed 1765.*

From wave to wave of fanfyd misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change !) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress ; and night, 15
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, fable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbring world. 20
Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds ;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ;
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end. 25
And let her prophesy be soon fulfill'd ;
Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence, and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
From antient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve, 30
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
The grave, your kingdom ; there this frame shall
fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye ?—— 35

Thou who didst put to flight
Primæval silence, when the morning stars,

Exulting, shouted on the rising ball ;
O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind ; 45
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death ;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song ;
Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will 50
Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours :
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch :
How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down——On what ? A fathomless abyss ;
A dread eternity ! how surely mine ! 65

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
How passing wonder he, who made him such ! 70
Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguisht link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the deity ! 75
A beam ethereal, fully'd, and absorpt !
Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite ! 80
A worm ! a god !——I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own : How reason reels !
O what a miracle to man is man. 85
Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !
Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
What can preserve my life ! or what destroy !
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there. 90
'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What tho' my soul phantastic measures trod

O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep 95
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
 Or scal'd the cliff ; or danc'd on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain !
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ; 100
 Active, æreal, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal :
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
 For human weal, heav'n husbands all events ; 105
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ? 110

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd ; and from an eye
 Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
 This is the desert, this the solitude : 115
 How populous, how vital, is the grave !
 This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !
 All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond 120

Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

* * * * *

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?) 165
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys! 170
Joy, behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture? 175
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze. 180

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.

Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions every hour ; 190

And rarely for the better ; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root ; each moment plays

His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down

The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words, and vain !

Implicit treason to divine decree ! 200

A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n !

I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.

O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !

What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine 205

To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.

The sun himself by thy permission shines ;

And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust

Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ? 210

Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me ?

Inflaminate archer ! could not one suffice ;

Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was
slain ;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
horn.

O Cynthia ! why so pale ? dost thou lament 215
Thy wretched neighbour ? grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from fortunes'
smile,

Precarious courtesy ! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar, ray of sound delight. 220

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
'Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Thro' the dark postern of time long elasp'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night, 225
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train ! 230
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain ? or why complain for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man ? are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd,

The mother's throes on all of woman born, 240
Not more the children than sure heirs of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image, disinherited of day,

Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings, deathless as their haughty lord, 245

Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.

Some, for hard masters, broken under arms, 250
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,

Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.

Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair !)

On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize 255
At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.

How groaning hospitals eject their dead !

What numbers groan for sad admission, there !

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity ! 260

'To shock us more, solicit it in vain !

Ye filken sons of pleasure ! since in pains

You rue more modish visits, visit here,

And breathe from your debauch : give, and re-
duce

Surfeit's dominion o'er you : but so great 265

Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm, 270
'Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish. 275
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities! 280
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe 285
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands!
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man. 290
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, invenom'd passions bite,

Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour. 295
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from others aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels. 300
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exhorts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a second channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief. 305
Take then, O world! thy much-indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate? 310
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles. 315
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity, 320
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee.
Thy fond heart dances, while the fyren sings.
Dear is thy welfare, think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys. 325
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm.
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heav'n tremendous in its frowns? most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards; 330
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cause, and consequence;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys, 335
Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert,
To worse than simple misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like joys in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage invenom'd rise against our peace. 340
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where, her glitt'ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down

To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears :
 The great magician's dead ! Thou poor, pale piece
 Of out-cast earth, in darkness ! what a change
 From yesterday ! thy darling hope so near,
 (Long labour'd prize !) O how ambition flush'd
 Thy glowing cheek ! ambition truly great
 Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within, 355
 (Sly, treach'rous miner !) working in the dark,
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,
 Unfaded ere it fell ; one moment's prey !

Man's foresight is conditionally wise ; 360
 Lorenzo ! wisdom into folly turns
 Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
 To labouring thought is born. How dim our
 eyes !

The present moment terminates our sight ;
 Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the
 next ; 365

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
 Time is dealt out by particles ; and each,
 Are mingled with the streaming sands of life,
 By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
 Deep silence, " where eternity begins." 370

By nature's law, what may be may be now ;
 There's no prerogative in human hours.
 In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?

Where is to-morrow ? In another world. 375
For numbers this is certain ; the reverse
Is sure to none ; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lyes,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes ; spin out eternal schemes, 380
As we the fatal filters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud,
Nor had he cause ; a warning was deny'd :
How many fall as sudden, not as safe ; 385
As sudden, tho' for years admonisht home !
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo ! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprize !
Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ; 390
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves 395
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, " That all men are about to live," 400
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think

They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
At least, their own ; their future selves applauds ;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails ;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ; 410
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry stage : when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Un-anxious for ourselves ; and only wish, 415
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise :
At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ; 420
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate 425
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close ; where past the shaft, no trace is found
As from the wing no scar the sky retains ;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel ; 430
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.

Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds,
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent, 435
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

The spritely lark's shrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody to cheat 440
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: ev'ry star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm thro' distant ages: wrapt in shade, 445
Pris'ner of darkness! to the silent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, Mæonides! 450
Or, Milton! thee; ah could I reach your strain!
Or his, who made Mæonides our own.
Man too he sung: immortal man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What, now, but immortality can please? 455
O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immortal man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me! 460

“ LOVE OF FAME.
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN
SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.”

BY THE SAME.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF DORSET.

— *Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis.*

JUV. SAT. 10.

MY verse is satire ; Dorset, lend your ear ;
And patronize a muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name ;
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame :
It bribes the partial reader into praise, 5
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays :

The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B—e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are Fond of Fame, but fame of you. 10

Instructive satire, true to virtue's cause !
Thou shining supplement of public laws !
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land, 15
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand ;
When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light ;
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from god's grace to wit ; 20
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;

* * * * *

To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease ?

Shall poetry like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines as trophies on a post ? 30
Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?

Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirise with nothing—but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison, is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run, 40
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find
Discretely daring, and severely kind,
The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread, 45
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for sacred praise? 50

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.

* Horace.

Here, to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence ;
There, bolder, aims at P——y's eloquence. 69
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;
Nor ends with life ; but nods in fable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

* * * * *

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went :
One way they look, another way they flee,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;
And when their sins they set sincerely down, 75
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'ards a book ;
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull fots to wretched wine. 80
If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have past for a great genius still.
But T—— alas ! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious some a classic fame demand, 85
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning doat,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote. 90
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
 Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer?
 Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?

Polite diseases make some ideots vain; 95
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
 And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
 Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
 By spitting on your face, to make it clean. 100

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
 Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
 What can she not perform the love of fame
 Made bold Alphonfus his creator blame.

Empedocle's hurl'd down the burning steep: 105
 And (stranger still!) made Alexander weep.

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
 Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a pimple have I seen
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen. 110
 By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
 Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
 It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
 He hems, and is deliver'd of a mouse.
 It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail, 115
 And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin !
My growing subject seems but just begun ;
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run. 120

Aid me, great Homer ! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire ! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line ;
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead, 125
And for the last, all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace ?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward ; forward let him come !
Ye vulgar ! at your peril, give him room : 130
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd valiant or discrete.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise !
If virtues at his noble hands you crave, 135
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace ;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more
great ?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate. 140
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.

Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise; 145
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lyes.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine. 150

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own,
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of earth, who, on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate, 155
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more;
Those governments which curb not evils, cause!
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws. 160

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But builds himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, C—dos he'll out do; 165
And, B—l—ton, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd; every toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;

When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns. 170

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
pay,

Provides a home from which to run away.

In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,

But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame; 175

Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:

Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known;

Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.

The bailiffs come (rude men, prophanely bold!)

And bid him turn his Venus into gold. 180

"No, sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail.

"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"

Such heads might make their very bustos laugh:

His daughter starves; but * Cleopatra's safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate 185

May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:

The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad

To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.

By your revenue measure your expence;

And to your funds and acres join your sense. 190

No man is blest'd by accident or guess;

True wisdom is the price of happiness:

Yet few without long discipline are sage,

And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

* A famous statue.

But how, my muse, can'st thou resist so long 195
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.

“What lords are those saluting with a grin?”

One is just out, and one as lately in. 200

“How comes it then to pass we see preside

“On both their brows an equal share of pride?”

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.

As in its home it triumphs in high place, 205

And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.

Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,

Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight.

Some lords it bids resign; and turn their wands,

Like Moses', into serpents in their hands. 210

These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,

With price inverted, of their honours lost.

But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,

To boast of merely being out or in.

What numbers here, thro' odd ambition strive,
To seem the most transported things alive!

As if by joy, desert was understood;

And all the fortunate were wise and good,

Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,

And stifled groans frequent the ball and play. 220

No splendid poverty, no smiling care, 245
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, there :
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest ;
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest ;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows. 250
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still.
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing room.

The squire is proud to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens in the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone ;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own ;
Nor envies, when a gypsy you commit, 265
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit ;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task renew ;
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view : 270
Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates ;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates ;

Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
 Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
 Fewer grave lords, to Scr—pe discretely bend;
 And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
 Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
 At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lads,
 And sweetly whistles, as the waters pass? 280
 Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
 That runs for ages without winding-up?
 Is there, whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
 Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
 Nor would these heroes of the task be glad; 285
 For who can write so fast as men run mad?



"LEONIDAS.

A

POEM."

BY RICHARD GLOVER.*

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Xerxes, king of Persia, having drawn together the whole force of his empire, and passed over the Hellespont into Thrace, with a design to conquer Greece, the deputies from the several states of that country, who had some time before assembled themselves at the Isthmus of Corinth to deliberate on proper measures for resisting the invader, were no sooner apprised of his march into Thrace, than they determin'd without further delay to dispute his passage at the straits of Thermopyla, the most accessible part of Greece on the side of Thrace and Thessaly. Alpheus, one of the deputies from Sparta, repairs to that city, and communicates this resolution to his countrymen; who chanced that day to be assembled in expectation

* Born 17...; dyed 17...

of receiving an answer from Apollo, to whom they had sent a messenger to consult about the event of the war. Leotychides, one of their two kings, counsels the people to advance no further than the Isthmus of Corinth, which separates the Peloponnesus, where Lacedæmon was situated, from the rest of Greece; but Leonidas, the other king, dissuades them from it. Agis, the messenger, who had been deputed to Delphos, and brother to the queen of Leonidas, returns with the oracle; which denounces ruin to the Lacedæmonians, unless one of their kings lays down his life for the public. Leonidas offers himself for the victim. Three hundred Spartans are chosen to accompany him to Thermopylæ, and Alpheus returns to the Isthmus. Leonidas after an interview with his queen departs from Lacedæmon. At the end of six days he encamps near the Isthmus, when he is join'd by Alpheus; who describes the auxiliaries, that wait at the Isthmus, those who are already possess'd of Thermopylæ, as also the pass itself; and concludes with a relation of the captivity of his brother Polydorus in Persia.

REHEARSE, O muse, the deeds and glorious death
Of that fam'd Spartan, who withstood the pow'r
Of Xerxes near Thermopylæ, and fell
To save his country. When from Asia's coast
With half the nations of the peopled globe 5

The Persian king the Hellespont had pass'd,
And now in Thrace his boundless camp was spread;
Soon to the Isthmus, where th' assembled chiefs
Of Greece in anxious council long had sat
How best their menac'd liberties to guard, 10
The dreadful tidings reach'd. The near approach
Of Asia's lord determines their resolves.
These they convey to all the Grecian states,
Back to Eurotas' shores, where Sparta rose,
Laconian Alpheus speeds; in council there 15
He finds the Spartan people with their kings;
Their kings, who boast an origin divine,
From Hercules descended. They the sons
Of Lacedæmon had conven'd to learn
The sacred mandates of th' immortal gods, 20
That morn expected from the Delphian dome;
But in their presence Alpheus first appear'd,
And thus address'd them. For immediate war
Prepare, O Spartans. Xerxes' num'rous pow'rs
Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace. 25
The Isthmian council hath decreed to guard
The strait and rocky entrance into Greece,
Thermopylæ; where ev'n a slender force
May stem the torrent of unnumber'd foes.

He said: when Leotychides, who shar'd 30
The rule with great Leonidas, bespake
The Spartans thus. My countrymen, give ear,
Why from her bosom should Laconia send

Her valiant sons to wage a distant war
For others' safety; why exhaust her strength, 35
And thin her numbers in defence of those
Who far remote from Lacedæmon dwell
Beyond the Isthmus? there the gods have plac'd
Our native ramparts, there our empire's bound;
And there alone our country claims our swords. 40

He ceas'd. The people with assenting shouts
Replied, when thus Leonidas began.

O most ungen'rous counsel! most unjust,
And base desertion of the Grecian weal!
What! shall th' Athenians, whose assiduous fleets 45
Undaunted watch th' innumerable foes,
Where'er they menace our affrighted shores,
And trust th' impending dangers of the field
To Sparta's well-known valour; shall they hear,
That we, disowning thus the gen'ral cause, 50
Maintain the Isthmus only, and expose
The rest of Greece, ev'n Athens, while she guards
Our naked coasts, to all the waste of war,
Her walls to ruin, and her fields to flames,
Her sons, her matrons, and her hoary fires 55
To violation, servitude, and shame?
O should they hear such counsels guide our state,
Would they not court the first propitious gale
To waft them far from such perfidious friends,
And raise new seats in other climes remote, 60
Safe from insulting foes, and false allies?

Then should we soon behold the proud array
Of Xerxes' navy with their hostile beaks
Affront our shores, and deluge all our fields
With unexhausted numbers. Half the Greeks, 65
By us betray'd to bondage, would support
The Persian king, and lift th' avenging spear
For our destruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean and dang'rous counsels, which will blast
Your long establish'd glories, and assist 70
The proud invader. O eternal king
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds !
Each low and partial passion thence dispel !
Till this great truth in ev'ry heart be known,
That none, but those who aid the public cause, 75
Can shield their countries, or themselves from chains.

He said : by shame suppress'd, each clam'rous voice
Was lost in silence ; till a gen'ral shout
Proclaim'd th' approach of Agis from the fane,
Where, taught by Phœbus on the Delphic hill, 80
The Pythian maid his oracles reveal'd.
He came ; but discontent and grief o'ercast
His anxious brow. Reluctant he advanc'd,
And now prepar'd to speak. Th' impatient throng
Was gather'd round him ; motionless they stood
With expectation ; not a whisper told 86
The silent fear, but all on Agis gaze ;
And still as death attend the solemn tale.
As o'er the western waves, when ev'ry storm

Is hush'd within its cavern, and a breeze 90
Soft-breathing lightly with its wings along
The slacken'd cordage glides, the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast expanse ;
None, but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which slowly parts the smooth and yielding main ;
So through the wide and listning croud no sound,
No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air,
Declaring thus the oracle divine.

I went to Delphi ; I enquir'd what fate
Was doom'd to Sparta from th' impending war ;
When thus th' all-seeing deity replied.
“ Inhabitants of Sparta, Persia's arms
“ Shall lay your proud and ancient seat in dust ;
“ Unless a king, from Hercules deriv'd,
“ Cause Lacedæmon for his death to mourn.” 105

As, when the hand of Perseus had disclos'd
The snakes of dire Medusa, all, who view'd
The Gorgon features, were congeal'd to stone,
With ghastly eye-balls on the hero bent,
And horror living in their marble form ; 110
Thus, with amazement rooted, where they stood,
And froze with speechless terrour, on their kings,
The Spartans gaz'd : but soon their anxious looks
All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone 115
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays

His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame, 120
Where justice gives the laurel ; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots: while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng. 125

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta ? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder ? O my friends !
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue ? Fruitless were the toil, 130
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
That wanting virtue life is pain and woe,
That wanting liberty ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life : 140
My heart exulting answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many ; but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing, heav'n

Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows. 145

He said. New wonder fix'd the gazing throngs
In silence Joy and Admiration sat
Suspending praise. At length with high acclaim
The arch of heav'n resounded, when amid
Th' assembly stood Dieneces, and spake. 150

So from Thermopylæ may Sparta's shouts
Affright the ear of Asia! Haste, my friends,
To guard the gates of Greece, which open stand
To Tyranny and Rapine. They with dread
Will shrink before your standards, and again, 155
In servile Persia seek their native seats.
Your wives, your sons, your parents, gen'ral Greece
Forbid delay; and equal to the cause
A chief behold: can Spartans ask for more.

He ceast; when Alpheus thus. It well becomes
The Spartans held the chiefs of Greece, and fam'd
For dauntless courage, and unyielding hearts,
Which neither want, nor pain, nor death can bend,
To lead the rest to battle. Then with speed
From all your number form a chosen band, 165
While I returning will my seat resume
Among the Isthmian council, and declare
Your instant march. Our brave allies, I deem,
Now on the Isthmus wait the Spartan king;
All but the Locrian and Bœotian force, 170

With Phocis' youth, appointed to secure
Thermopylæ. This said, not long he paus'd,
But with unwearied steps his course renews.

Now from th' assembly with majestic steps
Forth moves their godlike king ; with conscious
worth, 175

His gen'rous bosom glowing : like his fire,
Th' invincible Alcides, when he trod
With ardent speed to face in horrid war
The triple form of Geryon, or against
The bulk of huge Antæus match his strength. 180

Say, muse, who next present their dauntless
breasts,

To meet all danger in their country's cause ?
Dieneces advances, sage, and brave,
And skill'd along the martial field to range
The order'd ranks of battle ; Maron next, 185
To Alpheus dear, his brother, and his friend.
Then rose Megistias with his blooming heir,
Joy of his age, and Menalippus call'd ;
Megistias, wife and venerable seer,
Whose penetrating mind as fame records, 190
Could from the entrails of the victim slain
Before the altar, and the mystic flight
Of birds foresee the dark events of time.
Though sprung a stranger on the distant shore
Of Acarcania, for his worth receiv'd, 195

And hospitably cherish'd, he the wreath
Pontific bore amid the Spartan camp;
Serene in danger, nor his sacred arm
From warlike toils secluding, nor unskill'd
To wield the sword, or poise the weighty spear.
Him Agis follow'd, brother to the queen
Of great Leonidas; his friend, in war
His tried companion. Graceful were his steps,
And gentle his demeanour. Still his soul
Preserv'd its rigid virtue, though refin'd 205
With arts unknown to Lacedæmon's race.
High was his office. He, when Sparta's weal
Their aid and counsel from the gods requir'd,
Was sent the sacred messenger to learn
Their mystic will in oracles declar'd 210
From rocky Delphi, and Dodona's shade,
Or sea-incircled Delos, or the cell
Of dark Trophonius round Bœotia known.
Three hundred more compleat th' intrepid band.

But to his home Leonidas retir'd. 215
There calm in secret thought he thus explor'd
His mighty soul, while nature to his breast
A short-liv'd terrour call'd.—What sudden grief,
What cold reluctance thus unmans my heart.
And whispers, that I fear?—Can death dismay
Leonidas, so often seen and scorn'd,
When clad most dreadful in the battle's front?—
Or to relinquish life in all its pride,

With all my honours blooming round my head,
Repines my soul ? or rather to forsake, 225
Eternally forsake my weeping wife,
My infant offspring, and my faithful friends ?—
Leonidas, awake ! Shall these withstand
The public safety ? Lo ! thy country calls.—
O sacred voice, I hear thee ! At that sound 230
Returning Virtue brightens in my heart ;
Fear vanishes before her. Death, receive
My unreluctant hand, and lead me on.
Thou too, O Fame, attendant on my fall ;
With wings unwearied shalt protect my tomb 235
Nor Time himself shall violate my praise.

The hero thus confirm'd his virtuous soul.
When Agis enter'd. If till now my tongue
(He thus began) O brother, has delay'd
To pay its grateful off'ring of the praise, 240
Thy merit claims, and only fill'd the cries
Of general applause, forgive thy friend ;
Since her distresses, hers, whom most you love,
Detain'd me from thee. O unequall'd man !
Though Lacedæmon call thy first regard, 245
Forget not her, who now for thee laments,
In sorrows which fraternal love in vain
Hath strove to sooth. Leonidas embrac'd
His gen'rous friend, and thus replied. Most dear
And best of men ! conceive not, but my heart 250
Must still remember her, from whom my life

Its largest share of happiness derives.

Can I, who yield my breath, lest others mourn,
Lest thousands should be wretched ; when she
pines,

More lov'd than any, though less dear than all,

Can I neglect her griefs ? In future days

If thou with grateful memory record

My name and fate, O Sparta, pass not this

Unheeded by ; the life I gave for thee

Knew not a painful hour to tire my soul, 260

Nor were they common joys I left behind.

So spake the patriot, and his heart o'erflow'd

With fondest passion ; then in eager haste

The faithful partner of his bed he sought.

Amid her weeping children sat the queen, 265

Immoveable and mute ; her swimming eyes

Fix'd on the earth. Her arms were folded o'er

Her lab'ring bosom blotted with her tears.

As, when a dusky mist involves the sky,

The moon through all the dreary vapours spreads

The radiant vesture of its silver light

O'er the dull face of nature ; so her charms

Divinely graceful shone upon her grief,

Bright'ning the cloud of woe. The chief ap-
proach'd.

Soon as in gentlest phrase his well-known voice 275

Her drooping mind awaken'd, for a time

Its cares were hush'd : she lifts her languid head,
And thus gives utterance to her tender thoughts.

O thou, whose presence is my only joy,
If thus, Leonidas, thy looks and voice 280
Can dissipate at once the sharpest pangs,
How greatly am I wretched ; who no more
Must hear, that voice, which lulls my anguish thus,
Nor see that face, which makes affliction smile !

This said, returning grief her breast invades.
Her orphan children, her devoted lord
Pale, bleeding, breathless on the field of death,
Her ever during solitude of woe,
All rise in mingled horror to her sight,
When thus in bitterest agony she spoke. 290

O whither art thou going from my arms !
Shall I no more behold thee ! oh ! no more
In conquest clad, and wrapt in glorious dust
Wilt thou return to greet thy native soil,
And make thy dwelling joyful ! Ah ! too brave,
Why wouldst thou hasten to the dreary gates
Of death, uncall'd ? Another might have fall'n,
Like thee a victim of Alcides' race,
Less dear to all, and Sparta been secure.
Now ev'ry eye with mine is drown'd in tears, 300
All with these babes lament their father lost.
But oh ! how heavy is our lot of pain !
Our sighs must last, when ev'ry other breast

Exults with transport, and the public joy
Will but increase our anguish. Yet unmov'd 305
Thou didst not heed our sorrows, didst not seek
A moment's pause to teach us how to bear
Thy endless absence, or like thee to die.

Unutterable sorrow here confin'd
Her voice. These words Leonidas return'd. 310

I see, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee. 315

How had it stain'd the honours of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life, prefer'd
By my inglorious colleague, left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun, 320

Not virtue to accept? Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of Fate
The gods, my fame, my country bid me bleed.
—Oh! thou dear mourner! wherefore streams

afresh 325

That flood of woe? why heaves with sighs renew'd
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.

Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,

I shamefully refuse to yield that breath 330
Which justice, glory, liberty, and heav'n
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care? 335
Now shall that care, that tenderness be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men, 340
Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people, should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
To sorrow, and to shame; for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain 345
Thy painful portion of oppressions weight.
Thy sons behold, now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must
pine

In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more. 350

On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of Virtue. No complaint

The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow :
Ceas'd for a moment ; soon again to stream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd
His brave companions of the war demand 360
Their leader's presence ; then her griefs, renew'd
Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press, 365
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe
Amid his children, who inclose him round, 370
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears ; when thus with lifted eyes
Address'd to heav'n : Thou ever-living pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men !
And to this faithful woman, whose desert 375
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race !
But since that spirit, I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate, 380
Do thou support their virtue ! be they taught
Like thee with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die !

So saying, forth he issues, and assumes
Before the band his station of command. 385
They now proceed. So mov'd the host of heav'n
Down from Olympus in majestic march,
On Jove attendant to the flaming plains
Of Phlegra, there to face the giant sons
Of Earth and Titan : he before them tow'r'd. 390
Thus through the streets of Lacedæmon pass'd
Leonidas. Before his footsteps bow
The multitude exulting. On he treads
Rever'd and honour'd. Their inraptur'd sight
Pursues his graceful stature, and their tongues 395
Extol and hail him as their guardian god.
Firm in his nervous hand he grasps his spear,
Down from his shoulders to his ankles hangs
The massy shield, and o'er his burnish'd helm
The purple plumage nods. Harmonious youths,
Around whose brows entwining laurels play'd,
In lofty-sounding strains his praise record ;
While snowy-finger'd virgins all the ways
With od'rous garlands strew'd. His bosom now
Was all possess'd with glory, which dispell'd 405
Whate'er of grief remain'd, or fond regret
For those he left behind. The rev'rend train
Of Lacedæmon's senate now approach'd,
To give their solemn, last farewell, and grace
Their hero's parting steps. Around him flow'd
In civil pomp their venerable robes

Mix'd with the blaze of arms. The radiant troop
Of warriors press behind him. Maron here,
With Menalippus warm in flow'ry prime,
And Agis there with manly grace advanc'd. 415
Dieneces, and Acarnania's feer,
Megistias sage. The Spartan dames ascend
The loftiest domes, and, thronging o'er the roofs,
Gaze on their sons and husbands, as they march.
So parted Argo from th' Iolchian strand 420
And plough'd the foaming furge. Thessalia's
nymphs,

Their hills forsaking, and their hallow'd groves,
Rang'd on the cliffs, which overshade the deep,
Still on the distant vessel fix'd their sight ;
Where Greece her chosen heroes had embark'd
To seek the dangers of the Cholchian shore.

Swift on his course Leonidas proceeds.
Soon is Eurotas pass'd, and Lerna's banks,
Where his unconquer'd ancestor subdu'd
The many-headed hydra, and with fame 430
Immortaliz'd the lake. Th' unwearied bands
Next through the pines of Mænalus he led,
And down Parthenius urg'd the rapid toil.
Six days incessant thus the Spartans march,
When now they hear the hoarse-resounding tide
Beat on the Isthmus. Here their tents they spread
Below the wide horizon then the sun

Had sunk his beamy head. The queen of night
Gleam'd from the center of th' ethereal vault,
And o'er the dusky robe of darkness shed 449
Her silver light. Leonidas detains
Dieneces and Agis. Open stands
The tall pavilion, and admits the moon.
As here they sat conversing, from the hill,
Which rose before them, one of noble port 445
Appears with speed descending. Lightly down
The slope he treads, and calls aloud. They heard,
And knew the voice of Alpheus. From their seats
They rose, and thus Leonidas began.

O thou, whom heav'n with swiftness hath endu'd
To match the ardour of thy daring soul,
What calls thee from the Isthmus? Do the Greeks
Neglect to arm, nor face the public foe?

I come to meet thee (Alpheus thus return'd)
A messenger, who gladsome tidings bears. 455
Through Greece the voice of Liberty is heard,
And all unfold their banners in her cause;
The Thebans only with reluctant hands.
Arcadia's sons with morning shalt thou join,
Who on the Isthmus wait thy great command, 460
With Diophantus Mantinea sends
Five hundred spears; nor less from Tegea's walls
With Hegesander move. A thousand more,
Who in Orchomenus reside, who range

Along Parrhasius, and Cyllene's brow, 465
 Or near the foot of Erymanthus dwell,
 Or on Alpheus' banks, with various chiefs
 Attend thy call : but most is Clonius fam'd
 Of stature huge ; unshaken, as a rock,
 His giant bulk the line of war sustains. 470
 Four hundred warriors brave Alemæon draws
 From stately Corinth's tow'rs. Two hundred
 march

From Phlius, whom Eupalamus commands.
 An equal number of Mycenæ's race
 Aristobulus heads. Through fear alone 475
 Of thee, and threatening Greece the Thebans arm.
 To these inglorious Greeks myself repair'd
 Their dying sense of honour to recal.
 A few, corrupted by the Persian gold,
 Unjust dominion have usurp'd in Thebes. 480
 These in each bosom quell the gen'rous flame
 Of liberty. The eloquent they bribe ;
 With specious tales the multitude they cheat ;
 And prostitute the name of public good
 To veil oppression. Others are immers'd 485
 In all the sloth of riches, and unmov'd
 In shameful ease behold their country fall.
 I first implor'd their senate's instant aid,
 But they with artful wiles demanding time
 For consultation, I address'd them thus. 490
 The shortest moment may suffice to know,

If to die free be better than to serve ;
But if, deluding Greece by vain delays,
You mean to shew your friendship to the foe,
You cannot then deliberate too long, 495
How to withstand her swift-avenging wrath,
Approaching with Leonidas. This heard,
Four hundred warriors they appoint to march.
The wily Anaxander is their chief,
With Leontiades. I saw their march 500
Begun, then hasten'd to survey the straits,
Which thou shalt render sacred to renown.
Where, ever mingling with the crumbling soil,
Which moulders round the Malian bay, the sea
In slimy surges rolls ; upon the rock, 505
Which forms the utmost limit of the bay,
Thermopylæ is stretch'd, Where broadest spread
It measures threescore paces, bounded here
By the deep ooze, which underneath presents
Its dreary surface ; there the lofty cliffs 510
Of woody Oeta overlook the pass,
And far beyond o'er half the surge below
Their horrid umbrage cast. Across the straits
An ancient bulwark of the Phocians stands,
A wall with turrets crown'd. In station here 515
I found the Lecrians, and from Thespia's gates
Sev'n hundred more Demophilus hath led.
His brother's son attends him to the camp,
Young Dithyrambus greatly fam'd in war,

But more for temperance of mind renown'd ; 520
Lov'd by his country, and with honours grac'd,
His early bloom with brightest glory shines,
Nor wantons in the blaze. Here Agis spake.

Well hast thou painted that illustrious youth.
He was my host at Thespia. Though adorn'd 525
With highest deeds, by fame and fortune crown'd,
His gentle virtues take from Envy's mouth
Its blasting venom, and her baneful face
Strives on his worth to smile. In silence all
Again remain, and Alpheus thus pursues. 530

A chosen troop hath bold Plataea sent,
Small in its numbers, but unmatch'd in arms.
Above the rest Diomedon their chief
Excells in prowess. Signal were his deeds
Upon that day of glory, when the fields 535
Of Marathon were hid with Persian slain.
These guard Thermopylae. Among the hills
A winding path to stranger's feet unknown
Affords another entrance into Greece :
This by a thousand Phocians is secur'd. 540

Here Alpheus paus'd. Leonidas embrac'd
The noble Spartan, and rejoin'd. Thou know'st,
What fate to me th' immortal gods ordain.
Frame now thy choice. Accompany our march,
Or go to Lacedaemon, and relate, 545
How thy discerning mind, and active limbs

Have serv'd thy country. From th' impatient mouth
Of Alpheus streight these fervent accents broke.

I have not measur'd such a tract of land,
Not look'd unwearied on the setting sun, 550
And through the shade of midnight urg'd my
steps

To rouse the Greeks to battle, that my self
Might be exempted from the glorious toil.
Return? Oh! no. A second time my feet
Shall visit thee, Thermopylæ, and there 555

With great Leonidas shall Alpheus find
An honourable grave. And oh! amid
His country's danger if a Spartan breast
May feel a private sorrow, not alone
For injur'd Greece I hasten to revenge, 560

But for a brother's wrongs. A younger hope
Than I, or Maron bless'd our father's years,
Child of his age, and Polydorus nam'd.
His mind, while tender in its op'ning prime,
Was bent to rigid virtue. Gen'rous scorn 655
Of pain and danger taught his early strength
To struggle patient with severest toils.

Oft, when inclement winter chill'd the air,
And frozen show'rs had swoln Eurotas' stream,
Amid th' impetuous channel would he plunge, 575
And breast the torrent. On a fatal day,
As in the sea his active limbs he bath'd,
A servile corsair of the Persian king

My brother, naked and defenceless, bore
Ev'n in my fight to Asia, there to waste 575
With all the promise of its growing worth
His youth in bondage. Never can my tongue
My pains recount, much less my father's woes,
The days he wept, the sleepless nights he beat
His aged bosom. And shall Alpheus' spear 580
Be absent from Thermopylæ, nor claim,
O Polydorus, vengeance for thy bonds
In that first slaughter of the barb'rous foe ?

Here interpos'd Dieneçes. The hands
Of Alpheus and Leonidas he grasp'd, 585
And joyful thus. Your glory wants no more,
Than that Lycurgus should himself arise
To praise the virtue, which his laws inspire.

Thus pass'd these heroes, till the dead of night,
The hours in friendly converse, and enjoy'd 590
Each other's virtue ; happiest of men !
At length with gentle heaviness the hand
Of sleep invades their eyelids. On the ground,
Oppress'd with slumber, they extend their limbs ;
When, sliding down the hemisphere, the moon 595
Now plung'd in midnight gloom her silver head.



BY MARK AKENSIDE, M. D. *

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil ; 5
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight ! and while i sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of ev'ry tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy ! from the fruitful banks 10
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present : and with thee

See Volume II. page 111. This poem was first published in the year 1744.

Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wasting ten thousand colours through the air, 15
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless
forms,

Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend 20
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports.
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.

Be present all ye Genii, who conduct 25
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his
ear

With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things. 30

Of have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil 35
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle wings

Impatient of the painful sleep, to soar 40
High as the summit, there to breathe at large
Æthereal air: with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes
To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task 45
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man, 50
The fair poetic region; to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts;
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before, 55

From heaven my strains begin: from heaven
descends

The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night 60
The moon suspended her serenest lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty one: then, deep-retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms, 65
The forms eternal of created things;

The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and streams, the rowling
globe,

And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
His admiration : till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ;
Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man ; with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil. 85
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven : to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90
And will's quick impulse : others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins

Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind 95
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the fire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd 105
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, founded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind; 115
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive 120
They catch the spreading rays: till now the soul

At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment : fancy dreams 125
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss : the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles : the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130
Alone are waking ; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms; o ! listen to my song ; 135
And i will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms 140
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy; her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confesses ; the sublime, 145
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays

His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring. 150

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
But that the omnipotent might send him forth 155
In light of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice ; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast ; 160
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward, 165
The applauding smile of heaven ? Else wherefore
burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession ? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms ; impatient to be free, 170
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might ;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;
Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns

To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view, 175
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame ?

Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon; to survey
Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black
with shade

And continents of sand ; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet ? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth 185

And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air ; pursues the flying storm ;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens ;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway

Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd 195
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets ; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200

Invests the orient. Now amaz'd the views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode ;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years, 205
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below ;
Till half recoiling down the headlong steep
She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovran maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown, 215
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment : but from these
'Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things inlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear, 220
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine, 225
Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom ; choak the streams of life.

And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares 230
The obedient heart far otherwise incline,
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld 235
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire 240
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth 245
Breaks from his weeping mothers anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night 255
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,

Suspends the infant-audience, with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhimes,
 And evil spirits ; of the death-bed call
 Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
 The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls
 Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murderer's bed. 265
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shivering sighs : till eager for the event
 Around the beldame all arrest they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire : the freely-flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, o form divine,
 Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty,
 thee

275

The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
 The mossy roofs adore : thou, better sun !
 For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
 Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven ! 280
 How shall i trace thy features ? where select
 The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?

Haste then, my song, through nature's wide ex-
panse,

Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky ?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume, 295
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd
shades,

The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene ?
Fair Tempe ! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns ; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan : while round their choral steps
Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial
dews,

And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse ; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits

From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs 310
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy grateful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn; 315
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier i'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre 325
Should throng attentive, while i point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd, 330
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
'To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cœrulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band 335

Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
This charm of beauty ; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes ; i do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth 345
To fright you from your joys, my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where Health
And active Use are strangers ? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless ? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye ;
To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle Faith ? O no ! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of Desire,

And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame, 370
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was Beauty sent from heav'n ;
The lovely mistresses of Truth and Good
In this dark world : for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth ! would ye dissolve the tie ?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene 380
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful Good,
To save your search from folly ! Wanting these,
Lo ! Beauty withers in your void embrace, 385
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful Good, 390
And Truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms

Of baleful Superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through desarts, thorns and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn 395
To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart; 400
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where Wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay, 405
Then should my powerful verse at once dispell
Those monkish horrors: then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through blooming
walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,

Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join 420
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425
Be wanting: whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurements; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise; 435
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440
Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length

To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape, 450
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurements; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed, 455
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath,
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth, 460
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the spring resume;
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent 465
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed 470
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain.
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy,
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell

There most conspicuous, even in outward shape;
Where dawns the high expression of a mind : 475
By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things;
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime : here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces ; here inthron'd,
Cœlestial Venus, with divinest airs, 485
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantinè spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense ;
And speak, o man ! does this capacious scene 490
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots ; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove 495
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail !
For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free ! Is aught so fair 500
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,

In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just ? 505
The graceful tear that streams for others woes ?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate ; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings 510
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene ?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in secret ; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean ; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round ; behold the seeds
Of beings and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame :
Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band ; and bid them, go !
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created ; then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes 525
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows

The superficial impulse; dull their charms, 530
And satiate soon; and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There fees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror: For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame 540
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant fire, 545
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth; 550
And dress'd by Fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires 555
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse

That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder : while among
The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form 560
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or in act serene,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach 565
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps
Well-pleas'd i follow through the sacred paths
Of nature and of science ; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires ! 570
O ! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That sooths this vernal evening into smiles, 575
I steal impatient from the fordid haunts
Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye ; 580
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and flung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee read the pageants of his throne ;

And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may i unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, i unlock
The springs of ancient wisdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praise
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.



SUPPLEMENT.

POEMS BY LIVING WRITERS.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.*

O THOU, that to the moon-light vale
Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
What time the village murmurs cease,
And the still eye is hush'd to peace,
When now no busy sound is heard, 5
Contemplation's favourite bird !

Chauntrefs of night, whose amorous song
First heard the tufted groves among,
Warns wanton Mabella to begin
Her revels on the circled green, 10
Whene'er by meditation led,
I nightly seek some distant mead,

* *Born 17 . . .*

A short repose of cares to find,
 And soothe my love-distracted mind,
 O fail not then, sweet Philomel, 15
 Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell ;
 In sympathetic numbers join
 Thy pangs of luckless love with mine.

So may no swain's rude hand infest,
 Thy tender young, and rob thy nest ; 20
 Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
 Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
 No more to visit vale or shade,
 Some barbarous virgin's captive made.



ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypress-leaves thy brows o'er shade ;
 Listening to the crowing cock, 5
 And the distant sounding clock,

Or sitting in thy cavern low,
Do'st hear the bleak winds loudly blow,
Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
While through thy melancholy room
A dim lamp casts an awful gloom ;
Thou, that on the meadow green,
Or daisy'd upland art not seen,
But wandering by the dusky nooks,
And the pensive falling brooks,
Or near some rugged, herbless rock,
Where no shepherd keeps his flock !
Musing maid, to thee I come,
Hating the trade-ful city's hum ;
O let me calmly dwell with thee,
From noisy mirth and business free,
With meditation seek the skies,
This folly-fetter'd world despise !

10

20



ISIS.

AN

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1743.

BY WILLIAM MASON. *

1

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops
fell,

Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed
shell,

Pale Isis lay ; a willow's lowly shade 5

Spread it's thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid ;

Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast

In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest ;

While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,

In all the awful negligence of woe ; 10

Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase

Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all it's grace ;

Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science
seen,

Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mein :

* Born 1736. See "*The triumph of Isis*," occasioned by
this elegy, in volume II. page 136.

There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and
bland, 15

Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas
green

At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke : 20

Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace

The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;

Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes

View on yon plain the regal glories rise.

Yes, Isis ! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead 25

Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;

Oft hast thou stop't thy pearly car to gaze,

While ev'ry science nurs'd its growing bays ;

While ev'ry youth with fame's strong impulse
fir'd,

Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd, 30

Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow,

The muses, graces, virtues could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,

And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain,

See ! the firm leaders of my patriot line, 35

See ! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.

See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,

Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome.

Each soul whom truth cou'd fire, or virtue move,
 Each breast, strong panting with its country's
 love, 40

All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
 That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
 The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
 To me with filial reverence they bring, 45
 And hang forth trophies o'er my honour'd spring.

Ah! I remember well yon 'beechen' spray.
 There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
 'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty. 50
 " My son, he cry'd, observe this mein with awe,
 " In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
 " The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;
 " Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear;
 " And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain, 55
 " Each youth shall spurn at Slav'ry's abject reign,
 " Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
 " And speak, and act, and bleed in freedom's
 cause."

The hero spoke, the bard assenting bow'd,
 The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd; 60
 While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah ! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
 How mute Attention check'd each rising sound ;
 Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray, 65
 Scarce thrill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth ; e'en now I
 view .

Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow ;
 View Candour smile upon his modest check,
 And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
 'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express,
 Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy vest ;
 Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 ' Ere' long to burst in blessings on mankind ;
 ' Ere' long to shew to Reason's purged eye, 75
 That " Nature's first best gift was Liberty."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
 Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
 Ilissus ! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide ; 80
 Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring
 glade,
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
 Tho' every academic green impress
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame,

Alas ! how chang'd ! where now that Attic
boast !

See Gothic licence rage o'er all my coast !

See ! Hydra faction spread it's impious reign,

Poison each breast and madden ev'ry brain : 90

Hence frontless crouds, that not content to fright

The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,

Blast the fair face of day ; and madly bold,

To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold :

To Freedom's foes, ah ! see the goblet crown'd,

Hear plausible shouts to Freedom's foes resound ;

The horrid notes my reflux waters daunt,

The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt ;

Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,

Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,

In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,

Where a firm few support her sickly head,

Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,

Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the
plain,

Sworn foes like them to all the muse approves, 105

All Phæbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear ?

Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care,

Must these go forth from my maternal hand

To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land, 110

And boast while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans

That " Isis taught rebellion to her sons ? "

Forbid it, heav'n! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves,
In England's cause their patriot floods employ, 115
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy,
Is this deny'd? then point some secret way
Where far far hence these guiltless streams may
stray ;

Some unknown channel lend, where Nature spreads
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads, 120
There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side ;
Forget that e'er my rapt attention hung 125
Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue ;
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.



GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH,

BY THOMAS PERCY, D. D.

BISHOP OF DROMORE. *

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain :
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain,

* *Born 17 . . .*

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died :

There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

15

Lo! where yonder don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons slow retires ;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry ;
Yield thee, yield thee, don Saavedra.
Dost thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

25

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know,
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

30

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine :

Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine. 35

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare :
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air. 40

By the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound :
Instant sunk the renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay :
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay. 45

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands ;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands. 50

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage :
Loss of blood at length enfeebles :
Who can war with thousands wage ! 55

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows
 Close beneath its foot retir'd,
 Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
 And without a groan expir'd.

60

* * * * *



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ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY MR. CARTWRIGHT.

PART. I.

A HERMIT on the banks of Trent,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content,
Had fled from brighter, busier days.

If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh,
And Memory, an unbidden guest.
With former passions fill'd his eye;

Then pious hope and duty prais'd
The wisdom of th' unerring sway;
And while his eye to heaven he rais'd,
Its silent waters sunk away.

Born 17 . . .

Life's gayer ensigns once he bore—

Ah ! what avails the mournful tale ?

Suffice it, when the scene was o'er, 15

He fled to the sequester'd vale.

“ What tho' the joys I lov'd so well,

“ The charms, ” he cry'd, “ that youth has
known,

“ Fly from the hermit's lonely cell !

“ Yet is not Armine still my own ? 20

“ Yes, Armine, yes, thou valued youth !

“ 'Midst every grief thou still art mine !

“ Dear pledge of Winifreda's truth,

“ And solace of my life's decline.

“ Tho' from the world and wordly care, 25

“ My wearied mind I mean to free,

“ Yet ev'ry hour that heaven can spare,

“ My Armine, I devote to thee.

“ And sure that heaven my hopes shall bless,

“ And make thee fam'd for virtues fair, 30

“ And happy too, if happiness

“ Depend upon a parent's pray'r :

“ Last hope of life's departing day,

“ In whom its future scenes I see !

“ No truant thought shall ever stray 35
 “ From this lone hermitage and thee.”

Thus, to his humble fate resign'd,
 His breast each anxious care foregoes ;
 All but the care of Armine's mind,
 The dearest task a parent knows ! 40

And well were all his cares repaid ;
 In Armine's breast each virtue grew,
 In full maturity display'd
 To fond Affection's anxious view.

Nor yet neglected were the charms 45
 To polish'd life that grace impart,
 Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
 Till science humanize the heart.

And when he saw the lawless train
 Of passions in the youthful breast, 50
 He curb'd them not with rigid rein,
 But strove to soothe them into rest.

“ Think not, my son, in this, ” he cry'd,
 “ A father's precept shall displease ;
 “ No—be each passion gratify'd 55
 “ That tends to happiness or ease.

" Nor shall th' ungrateful task be mine
 " Their native generous warmth to blame,
 " That warmth if reason's suffrage join
 " To point the object and the aim. 64

" This suffrage wanting, know, fond boy,
 " That every passion proves a foe :
 " Tho' much it deal in promis'd joy,
 " It pays, alas ! in certain woe.

" Complete Ambition's wildest scheme ; 65
 " In Power's most brilliant robes appear ;
 " Indulge in Fortune's golden dream ;
 " Then ask thy breast if Peace be there.

" No: it shall tell thee, Peace retires
 " If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd ; 74
 " Contentment calm, subdued desires,
 " And happiness that's self deriv'd."

To temper thus the stronger fires
 Of youth he strove, for well he knew,
 Boundless as thought tho' man's desires, 75
 The real wants of life were few.

And oft revolving in his breast
 Th' insatiate lust of wealth or fame,

He, with no common care oppress,
To Fortune thus would oft exclaim : 80

“ O Fortune ! at thy crouded shrine
“ What wretched worlds of suppliants bow !
“ For ever hail’d thy power divine,
“ For ever breath’d the serious vow.

“ With tottering pace and feeble knee, 85
“ See age advance in shameless haste,
“ The palsy’d hand is strecht to thee
“ For wealth he wants the power to taste.

“ See, led by Hope, the youthful train,
“ Her fairy dreams their hearts have won ; 90
“ She points to what they ne’er shall gain,
“ Or dearly gain—to be undone.

“ Must I too form the votive prayer,
“ And wilt thou hear one suppliant more ?
“ His prayer, O Fortune ! deign to hear, 95
“ To thee who never pray’d before.

“ O may one dear, one favour’d youth,
“ May Armine still thy power disclaim ;
“ Kneel only at the shrine of truth,
“ Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame ! ”

Lo ! to his utmost wishes blest,
 The prayer was heard ; and freedom's flame
 And truth the sunshine of the breast,
 Were Armine's wealth, were Armine's fame.

His heart no selfish cares confin'd, 105
 He felt for all that feel distress,
 And, still benevolent and kind,
 He blest'd them, or he wish'd to bless.

For what tho' Fortune's frown deny
 With wealth to bid the sufferer live, 110
 Yet Pity's hand can oft supply
 A balm she never knew to give :

Can oft with lenient drops assuage
 The wounds no ruder hand can heal,
 When grief, despair, distraction rage, 115
 While Death the lips of love shall seal.

Ah then, his anguish to remove,
 Depriv'd of all his heart holds dear,
 How sweet the still surviving love
 Of Friendship's smile, of Pity's tear ! 120

This knew the fire : he oft would cry,
 " From these, my son, O ne'er depart !

- “ These tender charities that tye
 “ In mutual league the human heart.
- “ Be thine those feelings of the mind, 125
 “ That wake at Honour’s, Friendship’s call;
 “ Benevolence, that unconfin’d
 “ Extends her liberal hand to all.
- “ By Sympathy’s untutor’d voice
 “ Be taught her social laws to keep; 130
 “ Rejoice if human heart rejoice,
 “ And weep if human eye shall weep.
- “ The heart that bleeds for others woes
 “ Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;
 “ His breast, who happiness bestows, 135
 “ Reflected happiness shall bless.
- “ Each ruder passion still withstood
 “ That breaks o’er virtue’s sober line,
 “ The tender, noble, and the good,
 “ To cherish and indulge be thine. 140
- “ And yet, my Armine, might I name
 “ One passion as a dangerous guest,
 “ Well may’st thou wonder when I blame
 “ The tenderest, noblest, and the best.

CARTWRIGHT.] SUPPLEMENT. 279

“ Nature, ’tis true, with love design’d 145

“ To smooth the race our fathers ran ;

“ The savage of the human kind

“ By love was soften’d into man.

“ As feels the ore the searching fire,

“ Expanding and refining too, 150

“ So fairer glow’d each fair desire,

“ Each gentle thought so gentler grew.

“ How chang’d, alas ! those happy days !

“ A train how different now succeeds !

“ While fordid Avarice betrays, 155

“ Or empty Vanity misleads.

“ Fled from the heart each nobler guest,

“ Each genuine feeling we forego ;

“ What nature planted in the breast

“ The flowers of love are weeds of woe. 160

“ Hence all the pangs the heart must feel

“ Between contending passions tost,

“ Wild Jealousy’s avenging steel,

“ And life and fame and virtue lost !

“ Yet falling life, yet fading fame, 165

“ Compar’d to what his heart annoy

“ Who cherishes a hopeless flame,
 “ Are terms of happiness and joy.

“ Ah, then the soft contagion fly !
 “ And timely shun th’ alluring bait ! ” 170
 The rising blush, the downcast eye
 Proclaim’d—the precept was too late.

PART II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
 Where art had form’d the moated isle,
 An antique castle towering flood,
 In Gothic grandeur rose the pile.

Here Raymond, long in arms renown’d, 5
 From scenes of war would oft repair ;
 His bed an only daughter crown’d,
 And smil’d away a father’s care.

By Nature’s happiest pencil drawn,
 She wore the vernal morning’s ray ; 10
 The vernal morning’s blushing dawn,
 Breaks not so beauteous into day.

Her breast, impatient of controul,
 Scorn’d in its silken chains to lye,

And the soft language of the soul
Flow'd from her never-silent eye.

The bloom that open'd on her face 15
Well seem'd the emblem of her mind,
Where snowy innocence we trace,
With blushing modesty combin'd.

To these resistless grace impart
That look of sweetness form'd to please, 20
That elegance devoid of art,
That dignity that's lost in ease.

What youth so cold could view unmov'd
The maid that every beauty shar'd ?
Her Armine saw, he saw, he lov'd, 25
He lov'd—alas ! and he despair'd !

Unhappy youth ! he sunk oppress'd ;
For much he labour'd to conceal
That gentlest passion of the breast,
Which all can feign, but few can feel. 30

Ingenuous fears suppress the flame,
Yet still he own'd its hidden power ;
With transport dwelling on her name,
He sooth'd the solitary hour.

“ How long,” he cry’d “ must I conceal 35

“ What yet my heart could wish were known ?

“ How long the truest passion feel,

“ And yet that passion fear to own ?

“ Ah, might I breathe my humble vow !

“ Might she too deign to lend an ear ! 40

“ Elvira’s self should then allow

“ That Armine was at least sincere.

“ Wild wish ! to deem the matchless maid

“ Would listen to a youth like me,

“ Or that my vows could e’er persuade, 45

“ Sincere and constant tho’ they be !

“ Ah ! what avail my love or truth ?

“ She listens to no lowly swain ;

“ Her charms must bless some happier youth,

“ Some youth of Fortune’s titled train. 50

“ Then go, fallacious Hope ! adieu !

“ The flattering prospect I resign !

“ And bear from my deluded view

“ The bliss that never must be mine !

“ Yet will the youth, whoe’er he be, 55

“ In truth or tenderness excel ?

- “ Or will he on thy charms like me
 “ With fondness never-dying dwell ?
- “ Will he with thine his hopes unite ?
 “ With ready zeal thy joys improve ? 60
- “ With fond attention and delight
 “ Each with prevent, each fear remove ?
- “ Will he, still faithful to thy charms,
 “ For constant love be long rever’d ?
 “ Nor quit that heaven within thy arms 65
 “ By every tender tie endear’d ?
- “ What tho’ his boastful heart be vain
 “ Of all that birth or fortune gave,
 “ Yet is not mine, tho’ rude and plain,
 “ At least as noble and as brave ? 70
- “ Then be its gentle suit preferr’d !
 “ Its tender sighs Elvira hear !
 “ In vain—I sigh—but sigh unheard ;
 “ Unpitied falls this lonely tear ! ”
- Twice twelve revolving moons had past, 75
 Since first he caught the fatal view ;
 Unchang’d by time his sorrows last,
 Uncheer’d by hope his passion grew.

That passion to indulge, he fought
 In Raymond's groves the deepest shade, 83
 There fancy's haunting spirit brought
 The image of his long-lov'd maid.

But hark ! what more than mortal sound
 Steals on Attention's raptur'd ear !
 The voice of Harmony around 85
 Swells in wild whispers soft and clear.

Can human hand a tone so fine
 Sweep from the string with touch prophane ?
 Can human lip with breath divine
 Pour on the gale so sweet a strain ? 90

'Tis she—the source of Armine's woe—
 'Tis she—whence all his joy must spring—
 From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
 Her magic hand awakes the string.

Now, Armine, now thy love proclaim, 95
 Thy instant suit the time demands ;
 Delay not—Tumult shakes his frame,
 And lost in ecstacy he stands !

What magic chains thee to the ground ?
 What star malignant rules the hour, 100

That thus in fixt delirium drown'd
Each sense intranc'd hath lost its pow'r !

The trance dispel ! awake ! arise !
Speak what untutor'd love inspires !
The moment's past—thy wild surprize 105
She sees, nor unalarm'd retires.

“ Stay, sweet illusion ! stay thy flight !
“ 'Tis gone !—Elvira's form it wore—
“ Yet one more glimpse of short delight !
“ 'Tis gone, to be beheld no more ! 110

“ Fly loitering feet ! the charm pursue
“ That plays upon my hopes and fears !
“ Hah !—no illusion mocks my view !
“ 'Tis she—Elvira's self appears !

“ And shall I on her steps intrude ? 115
“ Alarm her in these lonely shades ?
“ O stay, fair nymph ! no ruffian rude
“ With base intent your walk invades.

“ Far gentler thoughts”—his faltering tongue,
By humble diffidence restrain'd, 120
Paus'd in suspense—but thus ere long,
As love impell'd, its power regain'd :

" Far gentler thoughts that form inspires ;
 " With me far gentler passions dwell ;
 " This heart hides only blameless fires, 125
 " Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

" The faltering voice that fears controul,
 " Blushes that inward fires declare,
 " Each tender tumult of the soul
 " In silence owns Elvira there." 130

He said ; and as the trembling dove
 Sent forth t' explore the watery plain,
 Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,
 And sudden fought her ark again,

His heart recoil'd ; as one that rued 135
 What he too hastily confess'd,
 And all the rising soul subdued
 Sought refuge in his inmost breast.

The tender strife Elvira saw
 Distrest ; and as some parent mild, 140
 When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
 Melts o'er the terrors of her child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
 In soft sensations died away ;

They felt the force of Armine's tear, 145
And fled from pity's rising sway.

" That mournful voice, that modest air,
" Young stranger, speak the courteous breast,
" Then why to these rude scenes repair,
" Of shades the solitary guest ? 150

" And who is she whose fortunes bear
" Elvira's melancholy name ?
" O may those fortunes prove more fair
" Than hers who sadly owns the same ! "

" Ah ! gentle maid, in mine survey 155
" A heart," he cries, " that's yours alone ;
" Long has it own'd Elvira's sway,
" Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

" On Sherwood's old heroic plain
" Elvira grac'd the festal day, 160
" There, foremost of the youthful train,
" Her Armine bore the prize away.

" There first that form my eyes survey'd,
" With future hopes that fill'd my heart ;
" But ah ! beneath that frown they fade— 165
" Depart, vain, vanquish'd hopes ! depart ! "

He said ; and on the ground his eyes
 Were fix'd abash'd : th' attentive maid,
 Lost in the tumult of surprize,
 The well-remember'd youth survey'd. 170

The transient colour went and came,
 The struggling bosom sunk and rose,
 The trembling tumults of her frame
 The strong-conflicting soul disclose.

The time, the scene she saw with dread, 175
 Like Cynthia setting glanc'd away ;
 But scatter'd blushes as she fled,
 Blushes that spoke a brighter day.

A friendly shepherd's neighbouring shed
 To pass the live-long night he fought, 180
 And hope, the lover's downy bed,
 A sweeter charm than slumber brought.

On every thought Elvira dwelt,
 The tender air, the aspect kind,
 The pity that he found she felt, 185
 And all the angel in her mind.

No self-plum'd vanity was there,
 With fancy'd consequence elate ;

CARTWRIGHT.] SUPPLEMENT. 289

Unknown to her the haughty air
That means to speak superior state. 190

Her brow no stern resentments arm,
No swell of empty pride she knew,
In trivial minds that takes th' alarm,
Should humble Love aspire to sue.

Such Love, by flattering charms betray'd, 195
Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
And, blushing for the choice he made,
~Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.

'Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
And all its former weakness o'er, 200
Asserts its native dignity,
And scorns what folly priz'd before.

The scanty pane the rising ray
On the plain wall in diamonds threw,
The lover hail'd the welcome day, 205
And to his favorite scene he flew.

There soon Elvira bent her way,
Where long her lonely walks had been,
Nor less had the preceding day,
Nor Armine less endear'd the scene. 210

Oft, as she pass'd, her rising heart
 Its stronger tenderness confess'd,
 And oft she linger'd to impart
 To some soft shade her secret breast.

" How flow the heavy hours advance, 215
 She cry'd, " since that eventful day,
 " When first I caught the fatal glance,
 " That stole me from myself away !

" Ah, youth belov'd ! tho' low thy birth,
 " The noble air, the manly grace, 220
 " That look that speaks superior worth,
 " Can fashion, folly, fear erase ?

" Yet sure from no ignoble stem
 " Thy lineage springs, tho' now unknown :
 " The world censorious may condemn, 225
 " But, Armine, I am thine alone.

" To splendor only do we live ?
 " Must pomp alone our thoughts employ ?
 " All, all that pomp and splendor give
 " Is dearly bought with love and joy ! 230

" But oh !—the favour'd youth appears—
 " In-pensive grief he seems to move :

“ My heart forebodes unnumber’d fears ;
 “ Support it Pity, Virtue, Love !

“ Hither his footsteps seem to bend— 235

“ Come, Resolution, to my aid !

“ My breast what varying passions rend !

“ Averse to go—to stay—afraid ! ”

“ Dear object of each fond desire

“ That throbs tumultuous in my breast ! 240

“ Why with averted glance retire ?

“ At Armine’s presence why distressed ?

“ What tho’ he boast no titled name,

“ No wide extent of rich domain,

“ Yet must he feed a hopeless flame, 245

“ Must truth and nature plead in vain ? ”

“ Think not,” she said “ by forms betray’d,

“ To humbler worth my heart is blind ;

“ For soon shall every splendor fade,

“ That beams not from the gifted mind. 250

“ But first thy heart explore with care,

“ With faith its fond emotions prove ;

“ Lurks no unworthy passion there ?

“ Prompts not ambition bold to love ? ”

" Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies, 255

" A bold ambition prompts my breast,

" The towering hope that love supplies,

" The wish in blessing to be blest.

" The meaner prospects I despise "

" That wealth, or rank, or power bestow ; 260

" Be yours the groveling bliss ye prize,

" Ye sordid minds that stoop so low !

" Be mine the more refin'd delights

" Of love that banishes controul,

" When the fond heart with heart unites, 265

" And soul's in unison with soul."

Elvira blush'd the warm reply,

(To love a language not unknown)

The milder glories fill'd her eye,

And there a softer lustre shone. 270

The yielding smile that's half suppress,

The short quick breath, the trembling tear,

The swell tumultuous of the breast,

In Armine's favour all appear.

At each kind glance their souls unite, 275

While love's soft sympathy imparts

That tender transport of delight
That beats in undivided hearts.

Respectful to his lips he prest
Her yielded hand ; in haste away 280
Her yielded hand she drew distressed,
With looks that witness'd wild dismay.

“ Ah whence, fair excellence, those fears ?
“ What terror unforeseen alarms ? ”
“ See ! where a father's frown appears ”— 285
She said, and sunk into his arms.

“ My daughter ! heavens ! it cannot be—
“ And yet it must—O dire disgrace !
“ Elvira have I liv'd to see
“ Clasp'd in a peasant's vile embrace ! 290

“ This daring guilt let death repay ”—
His vengeful arm the javelin threw ;
With erring aim it wing'd its way,
And far, by Fate averted, flew.

Elvira breathes—her pulses beat, 295
Returning life illumines her eye ;
Trembling a father's view to meet,
She spies a reverend hermit nigh.

“ Your wrath,” she cries, “ let tears assuage—
 “ Unheeded must Elvira pray ? 300
 “ O let an injur’d father’s rage
 “ This hermit’s sacred presence stay !

“ Yet deem not, lost in guilty love,
 “ I plead to save my virgin fame ;
 “ My weakness Virtue might approve, 305
 “ And smile on Nature’s holy flame.”

“ O welcome to my hopes again,
 “ My son,” the raptur’d hermit cries,
 “ I fought thee sorrowing on the plain,”—
 And all the father fill’d his eyes. 310

“ Art thou,” the raging Raymond said,
 “ Of this audacious boy the fire ? 315
 “ Curse on the dart that idly sped,
 “ Nor bade his peasant soul expire !”

“ His peasant soul ! ”—indignant fire
 Flash’d from the conscious father’s eye,
 “ A gallant earl is Armine’s fire,
 “ And know, proud chief, that earl am I.

“ Tho’ here, within the hermit’s cell,
 “ I long have liv’d unknown to fame, 320

- “ Yet crouded camps and courts can tell—
 “ Thou too hast heard of Egbert’s name.”
- “ Hah! Egbert! he, whom tyrant rage
 “ Forc’d from his country’s bleeding breast?
 “ The patron of my orphan age, 325
 “ My friend, my warrior stands confest!
- “ But why?”—“ The painful story spare,
 “ That prostrate youth,” said Egbert, “ see;
 “ His anguish asks a parent’s care,
 “ A parent, once who pitied thee!” 330

Raymond, as one who, glancing round,
 Seems from some sudden trance to start,
 Snatch’d the pale lovers from the ground,
 And held them trembling to his heart.

Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder shed 335
 United tears o’er Hymen’s reign,
 And Nature her best triumph led,
 For Love and Virtue join’d her train.



A PERSIAN SONG

OF HAFIZ.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES, KT. *

SWEET maid, if thou, would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold, 5
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy penfive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
Tell them, their Eden cannot show 10
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mofellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display ; 15
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

* Born 17 . . .

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
Can all our tears, can all our sighs, 20
New lustre to those charms impart ?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art !

Speak not of fate :—ah ! change the theme, 25
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom. 30

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy ;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came 35
A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While musick charms the ravish'd ear ; 40
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay ; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard !
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ? 45
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease, 50
Like orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But O ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.



VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GARRICK.

SPOKEN AS A MONODY, AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN
DRURY-LANE.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.*

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherished here,
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers, and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,⁵
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign—
One kind regret—one tributary line!

His fame requires we act a tenderer part:—
His memory claims the tear you gave his art! 10

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse;
The splendid sorrows that adorned his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite
pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,

* Born 17 . . This monody was incomparably delivered
by Mrs. Yates.

While Shakespear's image, from its hallow'd base,
 Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place,
 Nor these,—nor all the sad regrets that flow
 From fond fidelity's domestic woe,—
 So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—
 As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you. 20

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
 Our toil attempts the most precarious claim !
 To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
 Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies :
 Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise, 25
 Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise :
 Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd :
 E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
 Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing Time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
 A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;
 Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
 The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace :
 But once atchieved—tho' barbarous wreck o'er-
 throw 35

The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
 Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
 Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay :
 The enduring record bears the artists name,
 Demands his honour, and asserts his fame. 40

Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought :

Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own ; 60

As light from gems, assumes a brighter ray,
And cloath'd with orient hues, transcends the day !
Passion's wild break—and frown that awes the sense,
And every charm of gentler eloquence—

All perishable !—like the electric fire 65

But strike the frame—and as they strike expire ;

Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,

It's fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes !— 80

Where is the blest memorial that ensures

Our Garrick's fame ?—whose is the trust ?—'tis
yours.

And O ! by every charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares !—by every grief allay'd !
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew ! 85

By his last parting tear, repaid by you ;

By all those thoughts, which, many a distant night,
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !—

Still in your heart's dear record bear his name ;

Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ; 90

To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,

And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath,

For these,—when Sculptures votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!—
O 'loveliest,' mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As Fancy, oft by Superstition led
To roam to mansions of the fainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub, on a martyr's tomb—
So thou, sweet muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear;
With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—He never shall return!—
Chilling thy tender bosom clasp his urn; 110
And with soft sighs disperse the irreverend dust,
Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.



EPILOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

SEMIRAMIS.

BY THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
 Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
 No, beauteous mourners!—from whose downcast
 eyes

The muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!
 Whose gentle bosoms, Pity's altars, bear 5
 The crystal incense of each falling tear!—
 There lives the poets praise! no critic art
 Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er—
 Which mute attention had approv'd before, 10
 Tho' ruder spirits love th' accusom'd jest
 Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,
 Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tint retain—
 The sigh is pleasure; and the jest is pain!—

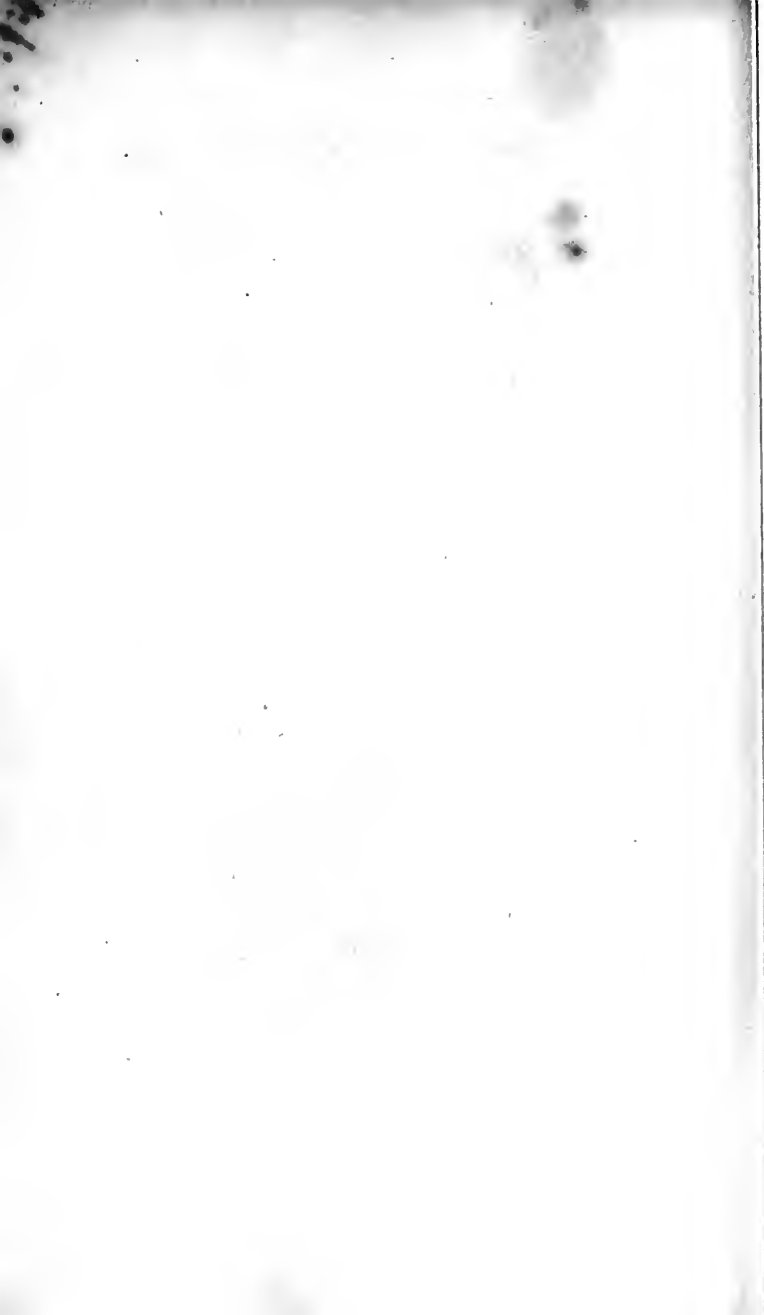
Scarce have they smiles, to honour grace, or wit,
 Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ!
 Thus thro' the time, when vernal fruits receive
 The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
 Tho' every coarser stem of forest birth
 Throws with the morning beam its dew to earth,
 Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,
 But, bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.

O could the muse one simple moral teach,
 From scenes like these, which all who heard might
 reach!—

Thou child of sympathy, whoe'er thou art, 25
 Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part,—
 Go search, where keener woes demand relief,
 Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief;
 Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
 The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye, 30
 Go—and on real misery bestow
 The blest'd effusion of fictitious woe!

So shall our muse, supreme of all the nine,
 Deserve, indeed, the title of—divine—
 Virtue shall own her favour'd from above, 35
 And Pity greet her, with a sister's love.

THE END.



GLOSSARY

OF

OBSOLETE OR DIFFICULT WORDS.

A_{BIE}. *suffer.*

Accidie. *a state of despondency, sloth or negligence, occasioned by grief, melancholy or discontent.*

Achate. *purchasing.*

Achatours. *purchasers of victuals; caterers.*

Agrise. *besmear.*

Aguize. *disguise.*

Albe. Albee. *although.*

Alderbest. *best of all.*

Algate. *always.*

Algates. *otherwise.*

Aller. our aller. *all of our.* youre aller. *all of your.* sette hir aller cappe. *set all their caps; knew more than they all, was too many for them.*

Among. *occasionally.*

Anelace. *a kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the breast or girdle.*

Aparte. *put an end to.*

Arere. *behind.*

Arest. *stop.*

Arette. *deem, impute to.*

Aslake. *assuage.*

Assay. *try.*

Assoyle. *absolve.*

Astoynde. *astounded, astonished.*

Auaile. *lower, descend.*

Availed. *lowered, dropped, fallen down, loose.*

Avale. *sink, depart.*

Avant. *boast.*

Aventure. *adventure, chance.*

Avise. *consideration.*

Avise. Avize. *did him not avise. did not consider,
or bethink himself. gan him avize. began to con-
sider.*

Auncer.

Avow. *maintain.*

Balased. *skelped, whipped.*

Bale. *mischief. misery.*

Baudrick. *shoulder-belt.*

Bawdy. *dirty.*

Be. *been.*

Bedight. *dressed, conditioned.*

Bedreynt. *drenched.*

Behyghe. *promised.*

Belamoure. *sweetheart.*

Befeke. *beseech.*

Besmotred. *smutted.*

Biset. *bestow.*

Bisme. *should perhaps be Bismar, mocking, scoffing, scorning, reviling, &c.*

Bit. *biddeth.*

Blancmanger. *a sort of white meat; a made dish.*

Bolneth. *swelleth.*

Bord. *table.* hadde the bord begonne. *had been placed at the head of the table.*

Bote. *bit.*

Bote. Boote. *remedy.*

Bourne. *water.*

Bowne. *swoln.*

Brech. *breeches.*

Bret-ful. *brim-full?*

Broche. *an ornamental implement of dress, answering the end of a buckle or clasp, with a single tongue: still used in the north of Scotland.*

Broche. *bore or stitch.*

Brooke. *taste, relish.*

Bruster. *breweress.* N. B. *the termination ster, in old English, is always signicative of a female; certain trades being partly, and others entirely carried on by women.*

Burdoun. bare to him a stiff burdoun. *sung a deep base.*

Byd. *pray.*

Caury maury. *a sort of leather; it is supposed, anciently used for jerkins.* Corio Maurio?

Can. *know.*

Carf. *carved.*

Carpe. *jest.*

Cas. *cases.*

Cattel. *chatels, substance, property.*

Chapmen. *merchants.*

Chare. *car.*

Chevachie. *military expedition.*

Chevifance. *putting out or lending money.*

Cleped. *called.*

Comfed. *began.*

Contrefeten. *counterfeit.*

Cop. *top.*

Cope. cope us. *cover our monastery, pay for our roof,*

Coverchiefs. *kerchiefs, head-covers.*

Could. *did.*

Countour. *steward of a hundred court?*

Courtepy. *short cloak.*

Couth. *could, knew.*

Couthe. *known, celebrated.*

Cracknels. *hard brittle sweet cakes.*

Cristofre. *some ornament, perhaps, with the image of St. Christopher.*

Crull. *curled.*

Culpe. *fault, sin.*

Culpons. *shreds.*

Cure. *care.*

Danger. *In danger. within reach, or controul.*

Deis. *the upper and elevated part of a public dining ball.*

Dele. *never a dele. never a whit.*

Dele. *act.*

Descryve. *describe.*

Deliver. *agile.*

Dewle. *sorrow.*

Diffien.

Dight. *dressed, decked.*

Digne. *worthy; also lofty, proud, disdainful.*

Distraught. *distracted.*

Distreynd. *vexed, constrained.*

Do. *done.*

Dome. *judgment.*

Don. *do, cause.*

Donet. *lesson; properly grammar.*

Dragges. *drugs.*

Draweth. *draw.*

Drent. *drowned.*

Drere. *grief.*

Dure. *last.*

Dystrayne. *vex.*

Earst. *formerly, before.*

Eath. *easy.*

Edwite. *reproach.*

Eft. *again.*

Eftfones. Eftfoones. *immediately after.*

Elde. *old-age.*

Embrouded. *embroidered.*

Enhaunst. *raised.*

Ensampl. *example.*

Ensue. *follow.*

Enthrylling. *forcing in.*

Envyned. *stored with wine.*

Erst. *formerly, before.*

Estatelich. *stately.*

Eyen. *eyes.*

Fade. *faded.*

Falding. *a species of cloth.*

Faren. *gone.*

Farsed. *stuffed.*

Fayre. *fair.* a fayre for the maystrie. *a fair one
above all others.*

Feer. *companion.*

Felawe. *fellow; companion.*

Fentise. *faintness.*

Fere. *companion.*

Ferme. *rent.*

Ferre. *farer, further.*

Ferthing. *spot, particle.*

Ferys.

Fet. *fetched.*

Fetife. *neat.*

Fette. *fetched.*

File. *daughter.* Fille, *F.*

Flitt. *flect.*

Floyting. *fluting.*

Forced. forced more. *cared more for; took more
delight in.*

Fordone. *undo.*

Forewatched. *overwatched.*

Forlore. *lost.*

Forpined. *wasted away.*

Forst. forst her not a pinne. *cared not a pin for her.*

Forster. *forester.*

Forwany.

Forwaste. *wasted.*

Forword. *promise.*

Forwytt. *forethought.*

Frankleyn. *a country gentleman; or substantial
frecholder.*

Frekes. *men, fellows (a poetical word).*

Galingale. *sweet cyperus.*

Gard. Gart. *caused.*

Gat-tothed.

Gere. *apparel.*

Get. *fashion.*

Giambeux. *boots, armour for the legs.*

Gipciere. *a pouch or purse.*

Gipon. *a jacket.*

Gleweman. *gleeman, minstrel, blind harper.*

Gnarre. *a hard knot in a tree.*

Goliardeis. *one of a jovial sect, famous in the thirteenth century.*

Gosse. *goose.*

Gothlen. *grumble, make a noise.*

Grete. *weep.*

Grete see. *the Mediterranean.*

Gris. *a species of fur.*

Grome. *man, fellow (a poetical word).*

Habergeon. *coat of mail.*

Halse. *salute.*

Halwes. *saints.*

Han. *have.*

Harlatri. *scandal.*

Harlot. *a gentil harlot. a good fellow.*

Harlotry. *some sort of dramatic performance.*

Heare. *hair.*

Hele. *health.*

Hem. *them.*

Hendlech. *kindly, courteously.*

Hent. *caught, seized.*

Hente. *get, catch, take.*

Herberd. *lodged.*

Herberewe. *inn.*

Herberwe. *barbour.*

Here. Heere. *hair.*

Hight. *is called; also, ordered.*

Himselfen. *himself.*

Hinde. *kind, courteous.*

Hippocras. *Hippocrates.*

Hir. *their.*

Hire. *ber.*

Holidome. *the sacrament?*

Hosteler. *innkeeper.*

Hove. *hover, stay, loiter.*

Hytte. *cast.*

Igoo. *gone.*

Impes. *shoots of trees.*

In principio. *some passage in the conclusion of the mass.*

Jangling. *scandal.*

Japes. *tricks.*

Jowts.

Katife. *wretch.*

Kenne. *explain, shew,*

Kesar. *Cæsar, emperor.*

Kepe. *regard.*
Kept. *guarded.*
Knaue. *servant.*
Kought. *cast.*
Kouth. *discover.*
Kyd, *shewed.*
Kyrke. *church.*
Kyrtel. *petticoat.* Kyrtil. *a sort of frock.*

Latche. *catch.*
Lazer. *leper.*
Leames. *flames, lights.*
Leas. *fields.*
Leasynges. *lyes.*
Leefe. *beloved, pleasing, agreeable.*
Lemman. *concubine.*
Lene. *lend.*
Lesen. *lose.*
Lest. *desire.*
Leste. *pleased.*
Lefing. *losing, losses.*
Lefynges. *lyes.*
Let. Lete. *let alone, leave off, lay aside.*
Lettowe. *Lithuania.*
Lettuaries. *electuaries.*
Letts. *leaves.*
Leve. *believe.*

Lever. *rather ; better loved.*

Lewed. *lay, ignorant.*

Libben. *live.*

Likerous. *lecherous.*

Limitour. *a frier limited to beg in a certain district.*

Lite. *little.*

Listers. *friers begging within certain lists or bounds.*

Lodemanage. *pilotage.*

Lopen. Lopen. *leaped.*

Lore. *learning, science.*

Lorne. *lost.*

Lour. *scowl.*

Love dayes. *days appointed for the amicable adjustment of differences.*

Lowen. *lyed, told lyes of.*

Luce. *pike.*

Lust. *desire.*

Luste. him luste. *he chose, desired, was pleased.*

Lusty. *pleasant, agreeable.*

Luther. *mischievous.*

Lyn. *stop.*

Lyp.

Makes. *mates.*

Mamelie. *babble.*

Manciple. *an officer who purchases victuals for colleges or inns of court.*

Maystrie. *mastery. See Fayre.*

Mere. *mare.*

Merimake. Merrie-make. *merriment.*

Mirthe. *jest, frolick, piece of pleasantry.*

Mistere. *trade, occupation.*

Moche. *much, great.*

Mochel. *much.*

Moist. *musty, the adjective of must (new wine).*

Molte. *melted.*

Moo. *more.*

Mormal.

Mortrewes. *a rich broth or soup.*

Mote. Mought. *might.*

N'as. *ne was, was not.*

Natheles. *nevertheless.*

Nempned. *offered.*

N'ere. Nere. *ne were, were not.*

Nightergale. *night-time.*

Nilt, *ne wilt, wilt not.*

Nold. N'olde. *ne would, would not.*

Nones. *for the nones. for the purpose or occasion.*

Nose-thirles. *nostrils.*

N'ot. *ne wot, know not.*

Not-hed. *a head like a nut, from the hair being cropped or cut close.*

Nouthe. *now.*

O. *one.*

Outbraſt. *burſt out.*

Outbrayd. *upbraid.*

Out brayed. *uttered.*

Overeſt. *uppermoſt.*

Over lippe. *upper lip.*

Paifed. *weighed.*

Paramour. *sweetheart.*

Pardé. *an oath ; par dieu, F.*

Parſite. *perfect.*

Parifhens. *pariſhioners.*

Paruiſ (Parviſ). *a portico, place of meeting or reſort
for ſergeants at law, before or in St. Pauls church.*

Pas. *pace.*

Paffe. *ſurpaſs.*

Payes. *weight.*

Peaſte. *held his peace.*

Perdy. *See Pardé.*

Perſe. *ſky-coloured, of a bluifh grey.*

Pertaunce. *portion.*

Pilde. *bare, hairleſs, napleſs.*

Piries. *pear trees.*

Pitance. *meſs of victuals, or other gift.*

Plat. *flat.*

Platte. platte hyr. *fell down flat.*

Pleine. *full, perfect.*

Plight. *plaited.*

Pouraille. *poor people.*

Ponste. *r. Pouste. power.*

Prest. *ready, bent.*

Prickasoure. *rider, horseman.*

Pricking. *riding.*

Priefe. *proof.*

Pris. *prize, price.*

Pruce. *Prussia.*

Pyttes. *dungcons.*

Radde. *advised.*

Rakier of chepe. *one who walks up and down the market; called by Chaucer "a market.beter."*

Rape. *bye.*

Raskled.

Ratheft. *first, soonest.*

Ratoner. *ratcatcher?*

Raught. *cructed.*

Reallich. *royally.*

Recure. *recovery.*

Red. *advised.*

Rede. *advise.*

Rede. *advice, counsel.*

Retchles. *careless.*

Reve. *bercave.*

Reve. *a land-steward or bailif.*

Reuk. *fellow, wretch (a poetical word).*

Reysed. *ridden, fought on horseback, made inroads.*

Ribibour.

Rode. *rood; an image of Christ on the cross; or the cross alone.*

Rote. *a musical instrument; the same, perhaps, which the French call vielle, and the English hurdy-gurdy.*

Rouncie. *a common hackney.*

Roured. *whispered.*

Ruce. *Russia.*

Ruth. *pity, compassion.*

Rutte.

Sadder. *more soundly.*

Sanguin. *of a blood-red colour.*

Saufesleme. *red-pimpled.*

Scarmoges. *skirmishes.*

Scathe. *damage.*

Scarfly. *sparingly.*

Scolaie. *attend school: escoloier, F.*

Seare. *withered.*

Segge. *man (a poetical word).*

Seint. *cinAure, girdle, sash.*

Seke. *sick.*

Sendalle. *a thin silk.*

Serke. *shirt, shift.*

Shard. *water (metonymically).*

Shend. *injure.*

Shene. *shining.*

Shrew. *fellow, wretch (a poetical word).*

Shryght. *shricked.*

Sighen. *seen.*

Significavit. *The writ De excommunicato capi-
piendo.*

Sike. *such.*

Sikerly. *certainly.*

Sith. *since.*

Sithen. *since, afterward, then.*

Sithens. *since.*

Sithes. *times.*

Slope. *slept.*

Smaught. *smelled.*

Snibben. *snub, reprimand.*

Somdele. *partly, pretty, a good deal.*

Soot. Sote. *sweet.*

Sothely. *truly.*

Sompnour. *summoner; an officer of the spiritual
court, now called an apparitor.*

Soune. *sound.*

Sort. *lot.*

Sovenaunce. *care.*

Sowne. *sound.*

Spalles. *shoulders.*

Spence. *consumption of victuals.*

Spill. *destroy.*

Spinkled. *sparkled.*

Sprynge. *red.*

Stent. *stop, stay.*

Stept. *slept.*

Sterve. *dye.*

Stewe. *a small pond for fish.*

Stonden. *stand.*

Stot. *a young horse.*

Stoure. *life (figuratively).*

Sueth. *followeth.*

Sumdeale. *partly, pretty much, a good deal.*

Swarve. *retire, withdrew.*

Swelt. *dye.*

Swelth. *filth.*

Swiche. *such.*

Swink. *labour, work.*

Swinken. *laboured.*

Syder. *lower.*

Syth. *since, afterward.*

Sythes. *times.*

Tabard. Taberde. *a short sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds: the sign of the inn.*

Tapets.

Tapstere. *a female who draws ale, or has the care of the tap in a public house. See Bruſter.*

Tawed. *resembling dressed leather.*

Tayled. *tallyed.*

Teme. *theme.*

Tene. *injure.*

Thewed. *mannered.*

Tho. *then, those.*

Thrall. *prisoner, captive.*

Trade. *tread, baunt.*

Tretis. *long and well proportioned.*

Valew. *valour.*

Vavaſour. *a mean lord; one who, holding land of a ſubject, had free tenants under himſelf.*

Venerie. *hunting.*

Vernicle. *a handkerchief with the portrait of J. C. copyed from the original, impreſſed by himſelf, in wiping his face, and preſerved at Rome.*

Vilanie. *no vilanie. nothing indecent or unbecoming.*

Unkempt. *uncombed.*

Uneathes. *ſcarcely.*

Unkynde. *unnatural.*

Unnethes. *ſcarcely.*

Wanhop. *deſpair.*

Warner. *svarrener.*

Warped. *uttered.*

Wastel-brede. *bread made of the finest flour.*

Wastell.

Wasting. *expences.*

Wealked. *whealed, furrowed.*

Webbe. *wcaver.*

Webster. *a female weaver. See Brufter.*

Wed. *pawn.*

Weet. *know.*

Weste. *departed.*

Wele. *wail.*

Welked. *enskyed.*

Wench. *maid-servant.*

Wende. Wenden. *go.*

Werchen. *act.*

Werd. *fate, fatality, predestinated doom.*

Wete. *know.*

Wetterlye. *utterly.*

Whilom. *formerly.*

Wimple. *a covering for the neck: guimple, F.*

Winning.

Wode-warde. *to wode-warde. toward the forest.*

Wonning. *dwelling.*

Wood. *mad.*

Wood-craft. *what relates to the knowlege and management of a forest.*

Wote. *know.*

Woxe. *wax, become ; waxed, became.*

Wrek. *revenge.*

Wyght. *man.*

Wynen pyne.

Yaf. Yave, *gave.*

Yben. *been.*

Ybore. *born.*

Ycleped. *called.*

Yeddinges. *songs or storics.*

Yede. *went.*

Yeding. *going.*

Yerde. *rod.*

Yerne. *brisk, eager ; also, soon, certain.*

Yeve. Yeven. *give.*

Yfalle, *fallen.*

Yfere. *together.*

Ygo. *gone.*

Ygolped. *gulped, swallowed.*

Ypreved. *proved.*

Yronne. *run.*

Yshrive. *shriven, confessed.*

Ywimpled. *covered with a Wimple ; which see.*



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CORRECTIONS.

VOL. I.

- P. xv. for *Miscellaneous*, read *Miscellany*.
 xvi. after *Epigram*, &c. 336, add *The Invitation*. By
William Hinchliffe. From Gibbers "*Lives of the*
poets." - - - 837
39. v. 38. for *eev'n* read 'even.'
 208. v. 199. for *as does* r. *as he does*.
 211. note. for *thatcher* r. *thrasber*.
 216. motto, l. 3. for *ausas* r. *ausus*.
 228. note. for 'Margareta' r. 'Margarita.'
 262. note. after *Mores Dialogues*, add *or Howells*
Let ters
315. v. 52. after *morals* insert *are*.
 319. note. for *gleoren* r. *glooren*.
 322. for $\mu\acute{\epsilon}\gamma\iota\circ$ r. $\mu\acute{\epsilon}\gamma\iota$.
 323. v. 110. for *darling* r. *dearling*.
 324. r. 141. for *have* r. *take*.
 note. for *mainebunt* r. *manebunt*.
 326. note. for *Sirta* r. *Serta*.
 330. note on v. 117. for *nisi* r. *Nisi*.

VOL. II.

- P. 16. v. 5. for *burus* read *burns*.
 19. v. 26. for *unexercis'd* r. *unexcis'd*.
 27. v. 16. make the period a comma.

37. v. 18. *make the semicolon a period.*
 46. v. 104. *for marjra'm r. marj'ram.*
 105. v. 30. *for lands r. bands.*
 127. v. 11. *for throbblyng r. throbbing.*
 242. *note. r. 1561.*
 254. *note. r. 1689.*
 258. *note. r. 1688.*
 261. *note. r. 1695.*
 266. v. 157. *for couutay's r. country's.*
 327. v. 79. *for poetry r. poetry.*
 357. *The author of this poem is said to be Thomas Mofs,*
a clergyman, still, or lately, living.

VOL. III.

- P. 22. v. 552. *for na's r. n'as.*
 51. v. 311. *for she r. he.*
 74. v. 335. *for couut r. count.*
 104. v. 25. *place the semicolon after he.*
 140. v. 357. *for were r. where.*
 143. v. 430. *for aeric r. aerie.*
 162. v. 215. *for attempts r. attempt.*
 206. v. 209. *for turn r. turns.*
 230. v. 464. *for Orcehmenus r. Orchomenus.*
 257. v. 574. *for presumptious r. presumptuous.*
 262. *note. for 1736 r. 1726.*

* * * *The letters c and f have changed places in a few instances, which it does not appear of sufficient consequence to particularize.*

BOOKS

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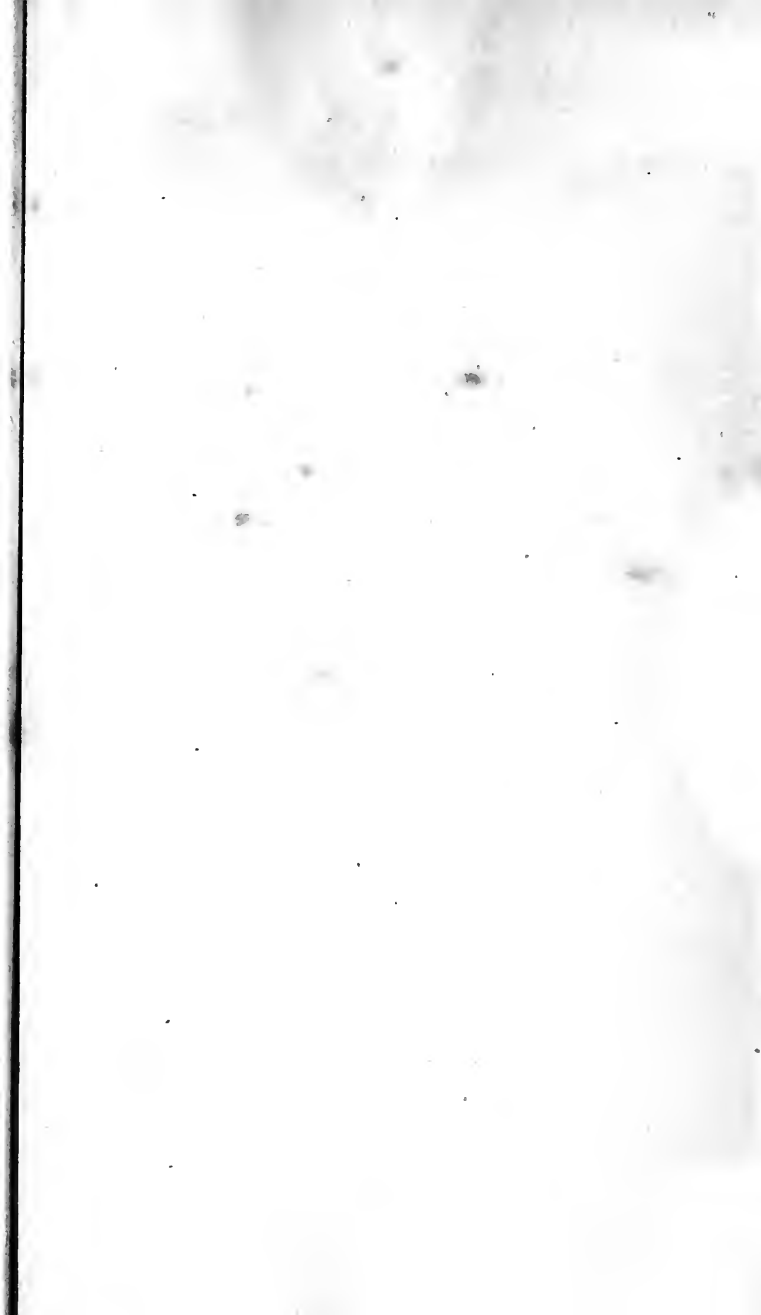
I.

PIECES OF ANCIENT POPULAR POETRY,
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with wood-cuts by J. and T. Bewick.

II.

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